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CONVALESCENT.

Emerald with moss, and purple with heather,
Gleams the broad moor to the red setting sun;
Love! let us sit 'midst the blossoms together;
Our work for the day, like the bees' task, is
done.

Sweet, oh! how sweet, is the breath of the
clover,

Breezes-borne from meadow-lands over the
moor;

Sweeter, yet sweeter, the blossoms that cover
The turf at our feet, and the hedge-roses o'er-

Sweet is the face, thy chestnut curls under,

My bonny brown wife, and sweet are those
eyes,

That, looking through mine with innocent
wonder,

Bids love's sweet memorie wake and arise.

Waking, arising, they clothe thee with beauty,

Dropping love-jewels, white pearls, on thy
brow;

My leal, little wife! thy nobly done duty
Has hallowed affection, and strengthened its
vow.

Thin have thy cheeks grown, my wild little
blossom,

And weary the eyes that have watched my
sick bed;

I cannot thank thee, true wife of my bosom—
God thank thee! God bless thee! oh darling,
Instead.

But I can love thee, all truly, for ever,
In health, and in sickness, as thou lovest me;
And keep me fast by thee, till life's rapid river
Has passed through death's straits, to etern-
ity's sea.

Till that time comes, be it shorter or longer,
Though dark looks may whiten, and comely
forms bow:

Thou know'st, and I know, our love will grow
stronger,

And heart cling to heart, even closer than
now.

Come; the broad moor, lately purple with
heather,
Dons sombre grey for the night-parted sun:
Love! hand in hand, like two children together,
We will go home—our day labor is done.

LEX.

CARLYON'S YEAR.

By the author of "Lost Sir Massingberd," &c.

CHAPTER XIII.

HOW JOHN CARLYON BECAME A HERETIC.

With hesitation and evident reluctance, with his face averted from the listener, and at first hammering the fleshy heads upon the laws with the handle of his riding-whip, John Carlyon began:—

"My father, as no doubt you have heard, Miss Crawford, on all hands, was indeed a constant churchgoer, and he brought me up in the same path. There was no man more respected, although I do not think he was loved, in all this neighborhood. He not only never offended against the proprieties, but he was a steadfast upholder of them—which is called one of the safeguards of society. That was the general opinion of him to the day of his death; but it was a mistaken one. He was a hypocrite from first to last; his whole life was one lie."

"Mr. Carlyon!" exclaimed Agnes; "you make my blood run cold; not so much by what you say, which seems almost too terrible to be true, but at your manner of saying it."

"When, however, I first found out the truth, young lady, I was more moved than I am now. The student of anatomy faints at his introduction to the dissecting room; but, after a while, he ceases to shudder at his revelations. He sees what lies behind the velvet cheek of beauty, and the keen eye of wit, but it off'ts him little. He knows that with all humanity it is the same. He has his advantage over me in that respect. If I could think that behind the veil of religion, the cloak of respectability, the infidel and the debauchee were inwardly concealed, I should loathe my own father less; but I know there are honest folks in the world. I know that you, Agnes, are as pure as you look, as good as you seem. But this man, that was my own flesh and blood, to whom I owe my being, to whom I was bound by Nature herself to respect and honor—oh, spare me! I cannot bear to speak of it."

"Even a good man may err and give way to strong temptation," whispered Agnes; "yet if he repents—" "This man did not repent," broke in Carlyon, almost fiercely. "He had nothing to repent of; for in his eyes nothing was sin, nothing was vice, nothing was wrong—unless it was found out. Then indeed he would have been sorry. He was a tyrant, and he broke my mother's heart. I will never forgive him that! She was beautiful, gentle, guileless as you are, and he killed her. She prayed for him upon her deathbed, and he despised her prayer; I do believe that that was the bitterest day she had to drink."

in the whole cup of her wretched married life. She made me promise not to tell him what I knew, and not to tell the world. I had to live on with this murderer for years, a participant in his wicked life, and hoodwinked, as he thought, like the rest. He deceived everybody—yes, everybody—parson, people, neighbors, servants, Robin, at home, believed him to this day to have been the best of men. A tyrant and a libertine, he was yet reckoned the most pious man in Mellor parish. This was the sort of father, Agnes, from whom I learnt how to be religious."

"Mr. Carlyon," returned she, thoughtfully, after a long pause, "are you sure—are you quite sure, that in your great love for such a mother as you describe, and in your own tenderness of heart, you may not have taken sternness for courtesy?" He shook his head impatiently.

"Some man," she went on, "not naturally cruel, I have known to be without tenderness of manner, even to those dearest to them; rugged and harsh even when their wives lay a-dying, and yet not heartless."

"No, girl, this man was not rugged. He knew how to frame tender words for ears that should have blushed to listen to them. Of some men, it is said, 'we never knew his worth until we lost him'; now I never knew how base a father I had got until he came to die."

"Ah! he confessed his sins, and the long catalogue appalled you!" exclaimed Agnes, clasping her hands. "You should thank God for that. Perhaps, in that last hour, all was forgiven him. No one can fathom the infinite depth of Divine mercy. Let us hope, let us pray, that he may have been preserved from that awful state of which he stood in dread."

"Nay, Agnes, we Carlyons have no fear," observed her companion, proudly.

"No fear!" echoed she, in scorn. "What I had this man, living, as you say, a lie, for fear of the opinion of his neighbors, no fear! Does cowardice, then, among infidels, solely consist in being afraid of the righteous judgments of God? If so, 'obstinacy with respect to their own anomalies and contradictions' is surely not entirely peculiar to religious people."

Carlyon bit his lip.

"It would surely be the rankest cowardice to be afraid of that in the existence of which one does not believe," said he, evasively. "The man I speak of died, laughing in his sleep at the world he had cajoled. He had been a wanderer in many lands, and examined a hundred creeds, only to find one as worthless as another. His god was Self, and he had served him very faithfully. His last advice to me, his only son, was given when the grave was gaping for him: we were alone together, and he upon the sofa that was to be his death-bed, and he knew it; the very room has been hateful to me ever since. He bid me lie like him; be serious and devout; affect the virtues that I had not, for the very vices' sake which they concealed. He should I live a life of ease and yet of dignity, and die with honor, troops of friends, and all the regard that accompanies the close of a life well spent. He would, as it were, have bequeathed me his very mantle of deceit, having no further occasion for it himself, like some poor conjurer, who teaches his tricks to his children while he lies a-dying, as the best legacy he has to leave them."

"Mr. Carlyon, this is too horrible to be believed," gasped Agnes. "Nature does not permit of such a father. I have seen many deathbeds, and when death is claiming us we are often not ourselves; the sense are disordered, the mind wanders; men return to themselves again which they have never committed."

"But not this man, Agnes. Do you suppose that I would not believe if I could; that I have not exhausted every suggestion that could lighten this load which has so weighed down my life?" No. He told me the truth at last. He left behind him only too ample corroboration of it. No one is so prudent that he can guard his memory after death. No man, who keeps a cheques-book, can dare say 'I do not keep a journal'; besides, there were letters that came for him long after he was lying in his grave—but why all this? You know his secret now, which I have hitherto preserved inviolate. Do you wonder that I loathe religion; that the very name of Nazarene is wormwood to my Payne spleen, and synonymous with all that is false and fair-seeming. That, from the instant that I found myself freed by this man's death from my promise to my mother, that I forsook his hypocritical ways and all belonging to them."

"I do not wonder, Mr. Carlyon," said Agnes, sorrowfully; "I do not even say (as others would), why doubt the genuineness of that thing of which you have only witnessed a fraudulent imitation. We are moulded, I know, by the iron force of circumstances—though not all of us. Your mother did not lose her faith in Heaven, because your father had none!"

"Even a good man may err and give way to strong temptation," whispered Agnes; "yet if he repents—" "This man did not repent," broke in Carlyon, almost fiercely. "He had nothing to repent of; for in his eyes nothing was sin, nothing was vice, nothing was wrong—unless it was found out. Then indeed he would have been sorry. He was a tyrant, and he broke my mother's heart. I will never forgive him that! She was beautiful, gentle, guileless as you are, and he killed her. She prayed for him upon her deathbed, and he despised her prayer; I do believe that that was the bitterest day she had to drink."

Her mind was torn with antagonistic emotions. She would never marry an unbeliever, that was certain; to that she clung, and reverted to it again and again; it was her sheet-anchor in the storm. But had she not grown to love her? Was she not paltering with her own conscience in this matter? and even with still more sacred things? Did she honestly believe herself to be a bearer of God's message to those unwilling ears; or was not her strong desire to convert the

skeptics, alloyed with a wish to win the Man? Agnes Crawford was not a student of Pope, or she might almost have applied to herself, the self-accusation of Kloster—

"Even then to those dread altars as I drew, Not on the cross my eyes were fixed, but, you; Will Grace nor seal, Love only was my call, And if I lose thy love I lose my all."

Hour after hour passed by; the luncheon bell rang, but she took no heed; but, late in the afternoon, a knock came to her chamber door, and a voice in mocking tones, (or what, perhaps, she fancifully imagined to be so,) reached her through the key-hole, saying,

"Mavis Agnes, you are wanted in the parlor; Mrs. Newman's come, and wish to see you very particularly."

"Mr. Carlyon's sister!" murmured Agnes to herself, while a sudden pain seemed to shoot through her heart; "why should she come here?" But she answered, in her usual firm, clear tones, "Very well, Cabra; tell her I will be down directly."

CHAPTER XIV.

MRS. NEWMAN'S ACT OF CHARITY.

It is not to be supposed that Carlyon's visits to Greycrags passed without notice among the good folks of Mellor. The appetite of that small community for gossip was absolutely insatiable; it was quite a trade with more than one respectable female to make it, and even to invent the materials. So that when a subject was found, that could be raised upon as fact, good solid substratum, for all sorts of scandal, the public satisfaction was unbounded. But not in all cases the private. Mrs. Newman, of Mellor Lodge—a place that had been once termed the Priory, but it was not to be supposed that so good a Protestant would call her residence by that name—was by no means pleased with the reports that reached her from all quarters concerning her brother's proceedings. She had long "washed her hands of him," in a spiritual sense; she had excommunicated him in an almost episcopal manner, by shutting her hands up and shutting her eyes, at solemn conclaves over many a tea-table; but she had never shut her eyes to his property, which was entirely at his own disposal. She anticipated with confidence the reversion of Woodless for herself and Jed, (short and loving for Jedediah,) her son, when its present unworthy occupant should be elsewhere; for Carlyon was her senior by five years.

It was astonishing with what calmness and fortitude this excellent woman reflected upon the future fate—the terror which she honestly believed to be in store—for as near a relative. Upon one occasion, while discoursing upon this particular topic, which was a very favorite one with her, she was rebuked by no less person than the archdeacon of the diocese. For archdeacons, as such, she had no great reverence; but this one happened to be own nephew to my Lord Disney, and she had that admiration for noble birth which supplies the place of such a multitude of other virtues in minds like hers. He had rebuked her not to make too sure of the eternity of the torments of the wicked, and explained to her the doubts entertained by the learned of the literal meaning of the Greek word translated forever. "Not!" added he, with a benign smile, "that that much alters matters; for the duration of infinite extends to millions and millions of years."

"That is some comfort," quoth Mrs. Newman, cheerfully, and with sigh of relief.

But notwithstanding this opinion of Carlyon's deserts, she had always counted upon his leaving Woodless and the rest of his property to his own flesh and blood. Not to provide for one's family is (as is well-known) to be worse than an infidel, and Meg had never thought worse of brother John than that Yet, lo! at an age when he might be supposed to have almost escaped the perils of matrimony, here was he visiting Greycrags daily, with a motive that it was easy to guess at. Jedediah, indeed, who was of a frank and open nature, even for eighteen, alluded to it one morning at breakfast in the following terms:

"I say, mother! Uncle John is after that gal at Greycrags—Miss What-d'ye-call-um—Crawford."

"Seeking to ally himself matrimonially with that young woman, Jed? Impossible!"

"Glad you think so," answered Jedediah, gruffly, and filling his mouth with muffin; he was rather gluttonous in his habits, and also a good deal spoilt. If his mother was stern to others, she was not so with him; he had always done as he liked from his childhood, and he had generally liked what was not good for him. He was vicious beyond what she had any suspicion of, and his good-nature was of the sort that only lasts so long as its proprietor is pleased. Mrs. Newman was getting, as all such mothers do in time, a little afraid of her darling son.

"You needn't be cross, Jedediah," said she, quietly; "I was only asking for information.

The affairs of this world have, I am thankful to say, no great interest in my eyes, and those who know me do not much trouble me with them. I have, however, heard a rumor of what you speak of, although I have never suspected anything serious in it. I am not of a suspicious nature, Jed."

"Ah," said the young man, dryly—so dryly, indeed, that the tone would have suited "Bah" equally well. "I wish for my sake, then, if not for your own, that you'd just look alive and put a stop to it. It's a most disgraceful thing. Why, if uncle marries, there may be a whole kit of children, and then what becomes of those alterations that you are always talking about making when we come into Woodless?"

Between Mrs. Newman and her brother, although their characters, and therefore the expression of their countenances were so different, there was a considerable personal resemblance. Although she did not dress sumptuously, and indeed, wore clothes of a texture much inferior to what is usual with women of her social position, and wore them threadbare, she always looked a lady; but when annoyed, her thin lips shut together unpleasantly close; her fine blue eyes seemed to harden, and she sniffed like the war-horse that scents the battle, only of course in a lower key. There had been a passage of arms between herself and Jedediah that morning in reference to a morsel of marmalade at the breakfast-table, and he had carried his point and got a new pot. This had given her real pains, as extravagance always did. There were still a few stale strips sticking to the little glass dish, and she would have liked to have seen them eaten before being driven to the preserve cupboard for a fresh supply. Jed had even taunted her, at the height of the discussion, with those prudential habits which her enemies (for the good lady had enemies) denominated parsimonious, and when she had replied, "Ungrateful boy, it is only for you I save," he had replied, "It is for me, then, that I require some fresh marmalade."

He had taken butter, as well as that costly sweetmeat, with his muffin, on purpose to vex his parent, and had effected his object; and now he was choosing a subject of conversation very ill adapted to give her peace of mind. The relations said to be established between her brother and Miss Crawford were by no means a matter of such indifference to her as she professed. In fact, she had thought of little else from the first moment the rumor had reached her ears; but she had endeavored to shut her eyes to the full extent of the danger; it was very objectionable to have it brought before her in this inexorable manner, and she sniffed disapproval audibly.

"Yes, I know you don't like it," observed Jedediah, in reference to this signal; "but it is time to look matters in the face."

"What would you have me do, Jedediah?"

"Well, I'm sure I don't know; she is one of your own sort, this girl, and you ought to be able to stop it somehow. I only know this, that Uncle John is said to be getting on in that quarter uncommonly fast, and the sooner you set about putting a spoke in his wheel the better."

"I shall certainly consider it my duty," said Mrs. Newman, slowly, "to hint to this young lady at the injurious reports that are in circulation respecting her; she cannot surely be aware of the peculiar opinions entertained by your unhappy uncle."

"She is probably aware that he is sweet upon her, and has a good two thousand a year," observed the practical Jedediah.

"No, Jed; I will not think so ill of any young person of religious principles as to suppose she is actuated by sordid motives."

"Bah!" exclaimed Jedediah, this time with a most unmistakable B. It was rude, but not altogether irreconcileable. From the day from which died one of the boy's earliest but strongest recollections, when his deceased parent had been carried to his long home in a coffin made out of an ancient piano-case (some enemies of the thrifty widow averred that it was too short for him, and that he had been decapitated to suit its dimensions), up to the present hour, when that stale marmalade had been almost foliated upon his reluctant palate, he had been familiar with the sordid devices of at least one saint, and had learnt to suspect them all. Yet singularly enough, while mistrusting the genuineness of the profession of those among whom his lot was cast, this young man had imbibed their prejudices, and though greatly inclined to vice, was an intolerant of error as Mrs. Newman herself. It was an unspeakable comfort to her to reflect, that although boys would be boys, and could not put old heads upon young shoulders (this in allusion to some of Jed's peccadilloes which occasionally reached her ears), her Jedediah was a young man of the most excellent principles. For the rest, he was a very handsome young fellow, (except for a certain coarseness about the mouth, which it did not need a Lawyer to translate,) and there was no wonder that his mother was proud of him. Moreover, he was a sensible fellow, after a fashion—what Mr. Carlyle and the vulgar are both agreed to call "knowing"—and she did not despise his blunt but practical utterances.

Nothing more passed between them on the present occasion; their sparing—in which the hitting was all on one side—often ended in that manner; but the force of Jedediah's observations, backed as they were by Mrs. Newman's own secret misgivings, was not lost. She had made up her mind to follow his advice in respect to that peril so imminently impending at Greycrags, but in the meantime she did not neglect her usual precautions in the smaller matters of domestic economy. When her Jed

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had lounged out of the room to have his pipe in the stable—for the time had not yet come when he should rule the house and take his narcotic therein—she looked up the tea and sugar, and having scraped up the old marmalade and mixed it with the new, made a faint mark with her pencil outside the pot exactly at its highest level. Then she descended to the kitchen, discovered that there were sufficient bones and debris left from past meals to make excellent soup, without getting in fresh stock, as recommended by that conscientious housewife, the cook; sniffed violently in the ladder over the carcass of a fowl, which did not appear to have so many legs as it ought to have had. "Mr. Jedediah had had both broiled for his yesterday's breakfast," said the housewife. "I only saw one," said her mistress.

"She shook her head when the kitchen-maid demanded another box of lucifer matches.

"How dare you require so many Lucifer matches in the summer?" inquired she, as though, during that season, the kitchen fire might be lighted by a burning glass. "What is the use of my having that admirable proverb hung over the dresser?" and she pointed to the spot upon the whitened wall where "Haste not, want not" was inscribed upon a scroll, not in the illegible high church fashion, but in such a manner that one who reads might read.

Next she dived into the pantry and delivered to the astonished foot-page—the last of a long, but short-lived line of foot-pages—a lecture upon the use and abuse of plate powder, with a few remarks upon the pecuniary penalties that await breakage in all well-conducted establishments. After which, ascending noiselessly to the upper regions, she came upon two housemaids making a bed and giggling, to whom she promptly issued a couple of tracts, entitled "The Clothing of Thorne; or, How Anna Themes and Marion Arthur were made to laugh on the other side of their mouths," with one (previous) illustration.

After thus performing the duties of a diligent mistress, she sat down at her desk, with a mind relieved of all lesser cares, and free to be concentrated upon the important subject forced upon her notice by Jedediah. Even then her habitual prudence and attention to minute affairs did not desert her; instead of spoiling half-a-dozen sheets of Bath post, as some persons do, who have a letter of difficult composition before them, she selected some waste and strays of paper, backs of envelopes, and blank spaces at the foot of bills, and thus proceeded to construct a letter on almost as many surfaces as the Reid inscribed her oracles. "Dear madam," it began; "then 'Madam,' then 'My Christian friend,'" and so on—but that she tore up into small pieces as soon as written, and snuffed so that she blew them all about the room—"My dear Miss Crawford."

She was still hanging over "My Christian Friend"—on the blue lines of a butcher's bill-like a poet in search of an impossible rhyme, when a shrill voice suddenly interrupted her with "Please, mum, the gardener's wife is a-waitin' for her bonnet!"

"You wicked boy," cried she, starting to her feet, "how dare you enter the room without knocking?" and, with that, as if to apply the unmentionable system of association of ideas, she smartly slapped his cheeks. "Tell her to come up; that is, in a minute or two."

The page retired drooping dogs-earred. Mrs. Newman instantly sought her own apartment, and opening the door of its hanging wardrobe, took from its faded old summer bonnet, looking like an autumn leaf.

"I've promised it to the woman," mused she, regretfully; "and I suppose I must give it her. And yet it looks almost as good as new. I am sure I might have had another season's wear out of it."

She gazed at the yellow bonnet-strings which had once been white, with lingering fondness.

"Well, I'll cut off the trimming, at all events; that is quite unsuited to a person in her station of life."

Sitting the action to the word, she repudiated the mutilated article of apparel with some apoplectic resignation.

"There," said she; "the wires are all in shape. She could not have got such a bonnet, as that, if it was new, under fifteen shillings. Fifteen shillings," she repeated, very slowly, as though she were reluctantly counting the money, coin by coin. "That is a very large sum to give away. I think I'll tell her to call again some other time—but then I've done that twice already. How weak it was of me to promise it to her. How foolishly impulsive I am!"

The mirror of the hanging wardrobe before which she stood did not reflect the features which are generally considered indicative of an impulsive character. The pinched-up mouth, the greedy eyes, the fingers clutching tightly at the threatened treasure, would have furnished a study for any painter who wished to symbolise genteel greed. But presently the thin lips straightened themselves into a really pleasant smile, the eyes softened and even twinkled, and the white hand carried its burden of frail rubbish with a grace. She had thought of a plan to keep her word, and yet not lose her bonnet, or at least her bonnet's worth.

"Well, Mrs. Jones," exclaimed she, with cheerfulness, as she entered the drawing-room, "you see I have brought your bonnet!"

It was very necessary to say this. For Mrs. Jones, a delicate nipp'd-up-looking woman, who had had half-a-dozen more children than was good for her, regarded the object dangling from her mistress's fingers with considerate embarrassment. Could that wretched, half-striped thing be the long promised gift which she had already spied for its unwilling donor twice in vain? It was no more a bonnet than a skeleton is a man!

But all of us are not in a condition of life to express our genuine sentiments; it is not so easy to be honest and straightforward as gentlemen of "culture" and independent means, who, while philosophic leaders in reviews and newspapers, are apt to imagine. People who live by hard work, and have little ones to support, cannot afford to lose their places; but must be humble and obedient to their masters (and mistresses) in a sense beyond that which (I hope) the Church Catechism contemplates. Thus, Mrs. Jones, the gardener's wife, bethinking herself of these near and dear to her, resisted the temptation of saying, "Where is the bonnet?" and dropped a curtsey before its *simulacrum*. Perhaps the expression of her mistress's face, beaming with conscious benevolence, precluded her for the moment that the thing was really of some value, and induced her to murmur, "Thank ye, mum."

"I thought you would be pleased, Mrs. Jones," returned the lady, still maintaining her hold upon the article in question. "It will

make a very nice bonnet after a little looking to."

Whatever this mysterious process of observation might have implied, the very mention of it seemed to enhance the value of that with which Mrs. Newman was about to part. "Now mind," she continued, "I don't wish to make a bargain with you, Mrs. Jones; for this is a free gift. A promise is a promise, and you shall have it whether or no."

Here the thing changed hands, and its late proprietress uttered such a sigh as only escapes from one who has resisted a great temptation. "It's your wedding day, is it not, Mrs. Jones?"

"Yes, mum, it is; it is twenty year come this very day that me and my husband have lived together, and as many crosses we have had, and it been a hard job all along to make both ends meet but we do make 'em, thank God!"

She shook her head when the kitchen-maid demanded another box of lucifer matches.

"How dare you require so many Lucifer matches in the summer?" inquired she, as though, during that season, the kitchen fire might be lighted by a burning glass. "What is the use of my having that admirable proverb hung over the dresser?" and she pointed to the spot upon the whitened wall where "Haste not, want not" was inscribed upon a scroll, not in the illegible high church fashion, but in such a manner that one who reads might read.

"Just so," interrupted Mrs. Newman, with one of her sweet smiles; "and you will have no stint of potatoes, for your husband has permission to take as many as he pleases for his own use out of the garden."

"Yes, mum; that was considered in his wages."

But Mrs. Newman went smiling on as though no such remark had been interpolated.

"Now, what I was going to say, Mrs. Jones, was, that if you find the leg of mutton more than you require, one o'clock being my luncheon hour, if you choose to send a nice hot slice with a few potatoes, between two plates—mind, I say if you have lots to spare, and I don't want to put it as any return for the bonnet, (which, indeed, is ridiculous, for that was a very costly article)—I shall be very much obliged to you—there."

And Mrs. Newman smiled and nodded, and pointed towards the door, as though to preclude all expressions of gratitude upon the part of the gardener's wife, and really looked so lady-like and pleasant, that poor Mrs. Jones retired like one in a dream, doubtful whether she could have heard aright. But before she reached the bottom of the stairs, her doubts were resolved, for a sweet voice called softly to her over the banisters—

"Let the potatoes be fried, Mrs. Jones, if it is all the same to you; and don't trouble yourself about the pepper and salt, for I don't wish to put you to expense."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Stereotype Plates.

Apropos of stereotype plates, it was thought, and great boast was made of it, when stereotyping first came up, that this process of transforming, in a manner, the moveable type into one solid plate, errors of the press would be done away with, and lasting correctness insured. Publishers who stereotypes put invariably proclaim that fact on their title pages, and the words "stereotyped edition" were regarded as a guarantee for accuracy. Never was there a greater delusion, though many years elapsed before the delusion was exposed. It was found that stereotyping perpetuated blunders, and that the difficulty of correcting the plates was far greater than that of altering the movable types. It was found, also, that the plates were so liable to accident and slight fractures in working that the maintenance of perfect accuracy, in even a single sheet, was the exception, and not the rule.

A first all important works were stereotyped, notably Bibles, histories, commentaries, and the Greek and Roman and English classics, while works of a lighter kind were printed from the type. The experience of years has led to a complete reversal of the rule. If publishers stereotype now, they never state that fact on their title pages. The Bible printers find it more politic to keep the whole Bible standing in type, serious as is the expense, than to stereotype it; and all works of an important class are now printed from the type. At the same time stereotyping abounds more than ever, and is one of the chief means by which our low-priced literature is so widely diffused. All the peanyp periodicals are stereotyped, so nearly all our daily, and several of our weekly newspapers, and so essential has the process become to the rapid and wide diffusion of the popular literature, that without it fully one half of the circulation of our most popular journals and serials would have to be given up.

There was a time when correctness in printing was held in far higher estimation than it is at the present day. The *Kyriole*, it is said, affixed their proofsheets to the doors of the colleges and universities, and offered a golden premium for the discovery of an error, however trifling. The *Dateli*, the French, the Italian employed as printers' readers professors and philologists of the highest standing, and some of their printers would cancel a sheet for the sake of the slightest flaw, or even suppress an entire volume rather than give currency to inaccurate work. We have altered all that; we have improved our technical process to a degree of perfection incomparable by the old printers, but we have thrust the scholar out of the priming office, and have cast the responsibility of correctness, in so far as scholarship is concerned, upon the author, who, south to say, is apt to be exceedingly remiss where, in justice to himself, he should exercise the greatest care.—*London Leisure Hour*.

When cock-fighting was in fashion, a gentleman having a match in the country gave two cocks in charge to his Irish servant to carry down. Put them together in a bag, on opening which on his arrival he was not a little surprised to find one of them dead and the other terribly wounded. Being scolded by his master for putting them into the same bag, he said he did not think there was any danger of their hurting each other, as they were going to fight on the same side.

Between Memphis and Nashville is the following inscription on a sign-board at a railroad crossing: "Look out for the Ingine when the engine comes."

Speaking of the young lady who was robbed of a thousand dollars' worth of jewelry at Leiston, a sober old gent of our acquaintance remarked that he supposed that she could live without it, but she must suffer terribly!

A quiequet vehicle called the "Exclusive," is now the fashion in Paris, having been introduced there by a Boston lady. There is just room in it for the occupant and her skirts.

A malicious correspondent tells of a young lady at one of the watering places who has been nineteen for five seasons.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPT. 14, 1867.

NOTICES.—We do not return rejected manuscripts, unless they come from our regular correspondents. Any postage stamp sent for such return will be confiscated. We will not be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

OUR NOVELETS.

We commenced on July 27th, a new and fascinating novelet, called

CARLYON'S YEAR.

By the author of "Lost Sir Massingberd."

Our readers who remember that powerful and peculiar story, "Lost Sir Massingberd," will need no persuasion to induce them to read "Carlyon's Year"—the interest of which, they will perceive, commences in the very first chapter.

Back numbers to May 4th, containing the whole of the powerful novelet of "Lord Ulswater," can be had upon application.

We can also supply a few back numbers to the first of the year.

Wives of Poets

The married life of Sir Walter Scott was a happy one. When on a tour to the English lakes in July, 1797, he first met the young lady who was to be his future wife. Her name was Charlotte Margaret Carpenter. She was the daughter of a French emigrant Royalist, and was at the time living in the family of Lord Downshire. Without the features of a regular beauty, Margaret Carpenter was rich in personal attractions—a complexion of clear olive, large brown eyes, deep-set and dazzling, a profusion of tresses black as the raven's wing, and that arch and gay address which is so characteristic of the Frenchwoman. Scott fell in love with her at once, and rested not until he had married her, which was about six months after their first meeting. Mr. Scott was a man of good sense, though confessedly fond of "anything striking." The happy young pair resided in a sweet little cottage at the pretty village of Lasswade, about six miles from Edinburgh, where they spent several happy summers. From thence they removed to Abbotsford, thence to Abbotsford, where at first the family, says Sir Walter, realized "the nursery tale of the moth and his wife who lived in a vinegar bottle, for our only sitting room is just twelve feet square, and my Bed alleys are too big for our Parets." So the dimensions of Abbotsford increased to the extent of a lordly place. There Mrs. Scott shared her prosperity; and when adverse fortune came on him, she also shared his sorrow. Then it was, indeed, that her noble nature truly revealed itself. She bore up under the crushing calamity of that house—all but ruined—was cheerful, frugal, hopeful, and, like her husband, untiring in her industry. Without a murmur, she gave up all the luxuries she had valued and come to regard as almost indispensable. But she did not live long after this event, a fatal disease having seized her and carried her off. She died in May, 1826.

Southey, Coleridge, and Lovell, three poets, married three sisters, the Misses Ficker, of Bristol. They were all alike poor when they married. Southey's aunt shut her door in his face when she found he was resolved on marrying in such circumstances; and he, postponing entry upon the married life, though he had contracted the responsibility of husband, parted from his wife at the church door, and set out on a six months' visit to Portugal, preparatory to entering on the study of the legal profession. Southey committed his wife to the care of Mr. Cottle's sisters during his absence. "Should I perish by shipwreck," he wrote from Falmouth to Mr. Cottle, "or by any other casualty, I leave relations whose prejudice will yield to the anguish of affection, and who will love, cherish, and give all possible consolation to my widow." With these words, Southey set sail for Portugal; and his wife, who had persuaded him to go, and cried when he was going, though she would not then have permitted him to stay, meekly returned to her place of refuge. Southey returned to England, and commenced the study of law, but after a year's drudgery gave it up. His wife joined him in a second visit to Portugal, and on his return he commenced the laborious literary career which he pursued till his death. He enjoyed, on the whole, a happy married life; took pleasure in his home and his family, loving his children and his wife Edith dearly. But a sad calamity fell upon him in his old age. His dear Edith was suddenly bereft of reason. "Forty years," he writes to Governor Bedford from York, "I have lived in the life of my life—and I have lost her this day in a lunatic asylum." In the same letter he expresses the resignation of a Christian and the confident courage of a man. "God, who has visited me with this affliction," he says, "has given me strength to bear it, and will support me to the end, whatever that may be. Tomorrow I return to my poor children. I have much to be thankful for during this visitation. For the first time in my life," (he was sixty years old,) "I am as far beforehand with the world that my means are provided for the whole of next year, and that I can meet this expenditure, considerable in itself, without any difficulty."

Mr. Southey, after two years' absence, returned to Keswick, the family home, and closed her pitiable existence there. Southey was now a broken-down man. "There is no one," he mournfully writes, "to partake with me the recollections of the best and happiest portion of my life; and for that reason, were there no other, such recollections must beof no use, except when I connect them with the prospects of futurity."

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They mean to raise tall students out in Wisconsin. An exchange paper says:—"The Board of Education has resolved to erect a building large enough to accommodate five hundred students, three stories high."

"How did Ralph Waldo Emerson please your people?" asked a lecturer last winter of the President of a Young Men's Association in a village not far west of the Mississippi. "Moderately fair, sir," responded the functionary; "he did not draw so good a house as some other lecturers, and we didn't expect he would; but we think that sort of people ought to be encouraged."

"A gentleman going to the waterside to take a boat, cried out—'Who can swim?' 'I, master,' came from forty bawling mouths; but one fellow, thrashing about, said—'Sir, I cannot swim.' 'Then you are my man,' said the gentleman, 'for you will at least take care of me for your own sake.'

Theodore Parker aptly compared some who grew suddenly rich to cabbages growing in a bed. They smother the violets, but are after all nothing but cabbage heads.

The Patent Tooth-Powder Man.

A few nights ago, an itinerant vendor of a harmless compound of lily white and the essence of lavender, mounted a dry goods box on the corner of Pearl and State streets, and spreading out before him an open valise stuffed with small bottles, done up in fancy papers, began to sell to a large and appreciative audience that ridiculous white-wash known to the pharmacopeia of the Americans as Swindle & Hamborg's celebrated Scandinavian Toothpowder, warranted to polish every description of ivory, down to the molar teeth of a superannuated omnibus horse, at the democratic sum of twenty-five cents per bottle.

The vendor of this truly wonderful gum soap was in high voice and spirits, sang several melodic ballads, played on the banjo, and the dilapidated fractional currency poured in upon him like a spring freshet.

He remarked a great many funny things, as though the gaping rustics ranged around, With words of learned strength and thundering sound.

And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew, That one small head could carry all he knew.

"Feiler citizens," observed he, "I don't look much like a rich man, but I am making more money than fifteen-twentieths of you put together. I was raised to this profession, and I understand it as well, if possible, as I do the ten commandments, and I'll bet any man in the crowd ten dollars that I can sell more of this benign and miraculous tooth-wash in ten minutes than he can in fifteen."

"Pull up, right there! I'll take that bet," said a voice in the crowd.

The sole proprietor of that melodious voice was Bob Wiggins, from Posey county, who is up here to attend the "boss fair." Bob made his way through the assembled yeomanry and mounted the box by the side of the man of the toothpowder, who looked as though he didn't exactly like the turn things had taken. But the crowd laughed, as crowds always will under such circumstances, and he lacked the courage to back out. The "preliminaries" were arranged, and it was agreed that the professor of the tooth-wash should exhaust his ten minutes, and then let Wiggins follow in his own way, without the slightest interruption from the former.

Wiggins descended from that box, and the other threw off his coat, turned his tongue loose and shot off his mouth like a revolutionary blunderer, scattering far and wide. He kept everybody in the best sort of humor, and at the expiration of his ten minutes had sold five bottles of his incomparable white-wash, and considered the bet one. Wiggins then mounted the box—the first appearance on any stage as a retail dealer in patent medicines—and proceeded to business without a smile—as solemn, in fact, as if he had come to preach the funeral of his grandmother.

"In the language of the Hon. Obediah Perkins," said he, "fellow citizens of the United States of Indiana and Floyd County, I have a preparation here, which, unlike poppies and mandrakes, and other malicious and mischievous soft soaps of the world, will restore the lost teeth of your great-grandmothers, and bring them back to their original and pristine beauty and usefulness. It is warranted by no less responsible an individual than the influential and highly respectable and responsible gentleman whom I have the honor temporarily to succeed in this lucrative business. It will cure and clean everything from a decayed tooth to a wooden leg. I know it will accomplish everything, for I've tried it myself, and have used it in my family for twenty-five years.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Androcles and the Lion.

In our days, when slavery is associated very much with color, we have some difficulty in conceiving of the times when white men were slaves; when Britain supplied the slave markets of the world with many thousands of white captives a year, and was precisely to the ancient nations what Africa has been in modern times; and when the magnanimous Julius Caesar, obtaining the government of Gaul when he was deep in debt, in a few years amassed enormous wealth, chiefly from the sale of white men and white women.

What an incalculable amount of misery that wealth of his represents!

How many a loving family scattered asunder never to meet again—how many a brave Swiss mountaineer, free as the breezes of his own hills, chained to toil, till he died, in marble quarry or silver mine, fettered and cramped there, whose delight it had been to tread the heather and hunt the chamois; how many a noble maiden, pure as her own northern snow-flakes, lovely as her own snowdrops of early spring, driven to the lowest drudgery by some imperious Roman matron!

What a horrific state of society is revealed to us by that anecdote which tells us how, at a splendid banquet given to Augustus by one of his nobles, a youthful slave, in punishment of the heinous sin he had done in not cooking some special viand aright, was ordered by the host, to be flung, alive, without delay, as food to his master's lampreys, when Augustus interfered to save his life. How seldom was Augustus by, when a Roman lord or lady happened to lose their temper, and how many a raging furnace or ravenous wild beast had a guilty meal!

Our story opens in Northern Africa, in the time of one of the early Roman emperors. Androcles, born to high rank in Britain, had, early in life, been buried into bondage and sold to a Roman nobleman, who held a high position in Numidia, the modern Algiers. Here he was treated so cruelly that he was driven to the desperate expedient of running away, though he knew that, if captured, death by torture awaited him; and if not captured, starvation overcame him, with no mercy was allowed to reach.

Fancy yourself, then, in the Coliseum, at Rome, begun to be built by Vespasian, finished by his son, Titus; that sublime building which, even now, in its ruins, is the wonder of the world. Every one who enjoys the pre-eminent privilege of visiting Rome goes to see it, especially when the moonlight, with its glimmerings of fairyland, sheds its mystic lustre over the rent walls.

In the days of its glory, it could contain eighty-seven thousand spectators. It derived its name from a Colossus, or gigantic statue of Nero, that stood near it. How these entertainments were lavished on the people! Trajan, celebrating his triumphs over the Dacians, gave spectacles there every day for one hundred and twenty-three days in succession; during which eleven thousand animals were slain, and ten thousand gladiators fought. The Emperor sat in the Podium, on an elevated spot, canopied over with silk, his senators with him, fifteen feet above the arena. The knights sat next to the nobles and senators, on fourteen rows of cushioned seats. The masses of the people occupied seats of bare stone. By means of a special apparatus, perfumes of the most delicious kind were breathed over the whole assemblage; while thousands of the loveliest ladies of the world's conquering metropolis, glittering with gold and jewels, looked on, delighted with the death-agonyes of brave men. In the days when our runaway slave lived, gladiatorial games and struggles with ferocious animals were in all their glory. At the feast of Minerva, therefore, when he was brought into the arena, to be torn and mangled, "to make a Roman holiday." He stood there alone, sword in hand, awaiting the advent of some Numidian lion that had been kept with him, and contempt by which the soul is torn.

Taking some provisions with him, he turned his hasty steps towards the wildest parts of the country, seeking to get as far as possible from the abodes of men, and the, to him, frightful Roman civilization. Towards the close of the third day of his flight, he happened to discover a cave that went far back into the rock; into this recess he entered, and found it lofty above, and flooded with smooth sand, while fountain of water, the neats of the desert, sprang strong and deep from its farthest cavity.

Eagerly he quenched his thirst, finished all that remained to him of his provisions, gathered together, in a deep nook of the cave, some of the dry leaves that lay heaped at the entrance, and flung himself on his couch, rude but sweet; and then, too tired to think of the future, he soon fell into a balmy and profound slumber.

But an awakening of dread and horror awaited him. As the earliest dawn began to stream upon him through the narrow entrance and through a fissure in the rock overhead, the fugitive awoke; and listening, as during all his flight he had got into the habit of doing, to hear if any sounds of pursuit might be audible, he thought he perceived a rustling among the leaves at the entrance, and the tread of a heavy foot. In alarm, such as only a fugitive slave could feel, he lifted himself up on his elbow, and gazing towards the entrance, he descried, to his horror, a lion of extraordinary size stalking into the cave.

The unhappy man concluded that his last hour had come. There was no means of escape or defence; and the savage tyrant of the wild, discovering him at the first glances, came straight up to where he lay. Androcles rose to meet his fate like a man, and looked the monster steadfastly in the face. But how greatly was he astonished when this king of terrors, instead of taking his fatal bound when at the distance of twenty feet, came up quite close to him, with a mild and subdued look, and, first rubbing his shaggy coat against him, held up one of his fore-paws, as if to say, "Now, Sir Human Being, there is something the master with this foot of mine, and you will place me under the deepest obligation if you play the surgeon, and put it to rights. I and your class of creatures are generally sworn enemies; but if you do me this good turn, I vow to be one of the best friends ever your manservant met with. This I pledge myself to, on the word of a royal lion."

This appeal—this dumb oration—was so persuasive, especially in the circumstances, where the impulsive patient had the doctor completely at his discretion, that the slave could not do otherwise than attend right speedily to the case. Accordingly, he sat down, laid the paw on his knee, and at once saw what was wrong. There was a big thorn in the monarch's foot. To pull it out would give instant relief; but this could not be done without occasioning a great deal of pain, which might so irritate the despoiled sufferer as to prompt him to tear the extractor to pieces.

As Androcles was deliberating on this point, the lion turned on him a look worthy of the Czar of Russia in his most impudent mood, or of the King of Dahomey, just before ordering a sacrifice of human beings in honor of his predecessor, and emitted a little bit of a growl, highly suggestive of broken ribs. The surgeon, therefore, delayed no longer, but gave the thorn a vigorous pull, and succeeded in bringing it all out, without giving his royal highness any pain to speak of.

The mighty creature felt relieved immediately; his every motion expressed gratitude and attachment to his benefactor; he lay down at his feet, as if he wished to be his subject; he went round him and round him, as if he wished to be his playfellow; he stretched himself on the bed of leaves beside him, as if he wished to be his bedfellow. At length, getting up suddenly, as though an important idea had struck him, he left the cave at a run.

Androcles, who was thoroughly convinced of the lion's friendship, did not feel any evil from his return, but was beginning to feel the attacks of hunger, when, after about five hours' absence, his friend of the rough great-coat came back, bearing with him two lambs in his teeth, which, like a tribute, he laid at Androcles' feet, as much as to say, "one good turn deserves another."

Androcles dressed one, made a fire inside the cave, cooked it, and had a noble meal.

At night he laid down beside the magnanimous beast, who guarded him and kept him warm with his shaggy mane. The next day, and ever after that, so long as the fugitive remained in the cave, the lion rose from his lair, went out every night about midnight on a foraging expedition, and returned in the morning, satisfied himself, and, bringing with him abundant and choice food for his companion.

Four months passed in this way. But this long security at length made the fugitive feel too secure. He began to venture out of the cave to considerable distances—varying his mode of life, for instance, and his fare, by angling in a neighboring river that swarmed with fish. He had even constructed for himself an oyster boat, fastened together by the sinews of the animals he lived on.

While he was thus occupied one day, out on the broad stream, a large boat, with Roman legionary soldiers on board, rowed up to where he was, seized him, and carried him back to his master, by whom he was sent to Rome, doomed to fight with wild beasts in the amphitheatre. He was one of that class who were sentenced to be dispatched within a year, whom, ordinarily, no mercy was allowed to reach.

"Ah!" they cried; "if you had not been first broken by the blast, the breeze would never have had power to make you so melodious."

New Fables.

UNFORTUNATE COINCIDENCE.

"Ned, what an idle fellow you are!" said the Gray Horse to the Donkey; "I never by any chance look over the gate but I see you going about in the lane."

"Ask your pardon, sir," said Ned, blinking innocently, "but I was just saying to the donkey that I never came into the lane but I found you looking over the gate."

TAUGHT TO SING.

The blast blew through the cane brake; the reeds and canes looked proudly round, for they rattled loudly, and they thought they charmed the water-lilies.

But the lilies shrank among their leaves, and bid them flee from the sound.

Then the blast grew fiercer, and broke the canes and reeds, and they lay in fragments on the banks of the stream, and in despairing silence they fell. "We shall never charm more."

But presently the breeze came by, and murmured through them, and made more sweet soft music, and the lilies came forth, and listened, and loved it.

"Well," said Blackbeard, rather offended that each considered himself better than the winner, without giving him the credit he thought he deserved as much as any of them—"Well, it's a great pity, since you ought every one of you to have won the plate, that Conqueror did it; for that one fact will give him more weight with the public than all your good qualities will secure for you."

GLOW AT A DISCOUNT.

"Well, Juba, my boy," said a Donkey to his friend, "you won the race! I heartily congratulate you."

"Thank you, Jack," said Juba, sedately.

"And what did you run for?" asked Jack, with eagerness.

"What did I run for? why, for my master, of course," said Juba.

"Ah, yes; but the prize, I mean; what was the prize?"

"The prize? I'm sure I can't tell you anything about that. Don't you know that the prize doesn't always go with the work? I should have had a good thrashing if I had not run well, but as I did run well I wasn't beaten, but had a feed, and master got the prize; and that's all I know about it," said Juba.

"Well, at any rate you've got the glory," said Jack.

"Glory! I wouldn't give a thistle for all the glory of the whole course. What's glory to a hungry stomach and weary bones? No, Jack, no; let master have the glory along with the prize; I must be less than a donkey to trouble my head with such nonsense! Indeed, between you and me, your glory is a troublesome thing. Now that I've shown how I can run, I'm afraid Ishan't have many chances of walking, but to keep up my character, shall be worked off my legs. No, Jack, no; give me a bramble and a quiet life before all the bay in the rick, with racing and glory tacked to it!"

BLIND DISCIPLESHIP.

"Ting, ting," went the old Bell-wether; and the sheep moved after him.

"What makes you follow that old fellow whenever he chooses to change his quarters?" asked the Goat to one of the flock that seemed unwilling to quit the sweet grass she was nibbling.

"What? I don't know; we always do," said the Sheep.

"Do you know where he means to take you?" asked the Goat.

"No," said the Sheep, stopping for another bite.

"Are you sure he won't walk you off to the bare places on yonder mountain side, up which I see he is beginning to climb?" asked the Goat.

The Sheep gave a disconsolate glance towards the mountain.

"You ought to remember that he is half blind and very restless, and so proud to be able to carry the flock after him with his ting-ting that he very often wanders off for the mere pleasure of showing his power," said the Goat.

The Sheep looked blank.

"There are very dangerous pitfalls in that mountain. Are you sure he will not lead you all into one of them?" asked the Goat.

"There's the bell again," said the Sheep. "Good-bye; I must go after it. You see, we all go after it; and away she went."

"Go your way, for a silly sheep as you are," said the Goat; "before I gave myself to follow a bell as you do, I'd take care to know something about him that wore it; he shouldn't lead me from a fair and quiet pasture to a rough hillside, just to please his vagaries."

THE CONCRETE COOK.

"What awkward creature ducks are!" cried a Cock that was strutting majestically up and down the yard in which the duck trough stood.

"Do you see how tatty waddie can't walk at all?" he said again, giving his wings a contemptuous fluster, and shaking himself, after having made a critical survey of them as they waddled out of the yard.

"You're a fine fellow to cry out on other folks," said Tray; "it's true you can walk a trifle better than they can; but only let them get you on the water, I wonder what they would say to your swimming! But your concealed folk have no eyes for any merits but their own, and no memories for any faults but those of others."

BABY WORK THE FATHER OF HARD WORK.

"Friend, why would you cut me down?" said the old Tree to the Woodman, as he lifted his axe.

"Because you have been there long enough; you are so old," he replied.

"Have I not provided a shelter to you in many a storm, and a pleasant shade from the summer heat?" asked the Tree.

"Yes, it's true; but for all that you are very old, and must give place to others."

"Do you hope that a bunter will speedily bring up in my place?" asked the Tree.

"Not speedily, and perhaps not better at any time, but you are so old!"

"I see," said the old Tree; "had there been any reason for my condemnation I might have hoped to prevail; but since I am the victim of an obstinate prejudice I must submit, and wait to be avenged by the sorrow you will feel when you are taught that, although it is easy to cut me down, all your art can never set me up again."

THE PREJUDICE IS IN FAVOR OF FACTS.

"Between ourselves, you know," said Blackbeard, in a friendly, hospitable, keeps his coat and couch, lives in a fine mansion, and boasts as good a turn-out as the Archbishop of Canterbury.

"Certainly not," said Tomahawk, fiercely. "I know well that my rider was bribed to keep me in, or I should never have been passed."

The schoolmaster "stuck lie" the other day—a juvenile.

"Not by him, perhaps," said Pepper, significantly. "I believe that: if it hadn't been for an awkward cramp that suddenly took me, I should have distanced him handsomely."

"As to that," said Highdive, "I regret now that I forgot his capital training and expert riding; not bearing these in mind, I took the thing easily, and allowed him to get ahead till it was too late."

"Well," said Blackbeard, rather offended that each considered himself better than the winner, without giving him the credit he thought he deserved as much as any of them—"Well, it's a great pity, since you ought every one of you to have won the plate, that Conqueror did it; for that one fact will give him more weight with the public than all your good qualities will secure for you."

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"Fall or empty, it makes no difference to us," said the Flowers, "for we get nothing out of you. Under shallow can, though it holds but little, is worth a dozen of you, for what it has it pours out, and we have the benefit of it. You are welcome to it, to the credit of having, but we prefer those who understand how to give."

THE SECRET OF SYMPATHY.

"I have a profound contempt for your shrinking, sensitive creatures, that make trouble of everything," said an Oyster to a Crab. "Now look at those jellyfish and sea anemones; if a stick or a stone, or even a bit of seaweed, is washed against them, they wine, and make all manner of fuss. I can't understand it."

"I shouldn't think you could," said the Crab, "living in that stone house of yours, which keeps you deaf, blind, and insensible to all around you, so that you never feel anything but hunger, and then only have gaps for your dinner; but I sometimes am obliged to lie without a shell for many hours, and at those times, I can tell you, I find sticks and stones, and even bits of sea-weed, very disagreeable things; so I can understand both why they wince and shrink, and why you never do either, and, moreover, why you despise them for it. Turn you out of your stone walls for a bit, and then you'll tell another story."

HOODED CROW NO JUDGE OF EAGLES.

"I can't make out," said a Hooded Crow to a friend, "why it is that eagle, that golden eagle that lives on the topmost crag of the rock beyond the plain, won't let any creature build or dwell near her. How solitary we should be! Can you understand it?"

"No," said the friend.

"And I can't make out why she thinks it necessary to fly so tremendously high; if we were to be but half the height up we shouldn't be able to see anything on the ground. Can you understand it?"

"No," said the friend.

"And I can't think why she drives her young from the cleft, and even from her haunts, before the snow comes; it seems most unnatural. You and I wouldn't do it, would we?"

"Neighbors," said the other, "I have but one answer to make to all your remarks and questions; and that is, hooded crows are incapable of understanding, and therefore should never pretend to judge the ways and actions of eagles."

LUCK.

We believe in luck; believe in lucky stars. Some people are always lucky—never fail to get drawing tickets in a lottery—are always finding something—never lose anything. From infancy to old age, everything goes right. The lucky boy wins all his playmate's marbles—never gets thrashed at school, although the ringleader of every plot, while his innocent playfellow gets all the birching—he has the prettiest girl for a sweet heart—never gets the measles—never stubs his toes—gets all the rewards of merit—the girls like him "goodies"—the boys like him their skates, and sleds, and jack knives, and forget to ask for 'em again—never tears his trowsers—never had to do chores—never had to sleep alone. When a man, never got snubbed—never paid any tax—never sat on a jury—never was asked to "subscribe"—never had the toothache—never missed a train—never was "dead broken"—never was called upon to make a speech—never wrote for the newspapers—in a word, he's one of the lucky dogs you occasionally meet, with whom luck is so natural that if he were to fall and break his neck, he'd die.

Archbishop Whately has remarked that it is hard to forgive one who adheres to the views which were yours, and which you have changed; one who has proved right in the judgment and advice he gave you, and which you rejected; one who is preferred to you by the woman you are in love with, or has carried off some other prize from you, especially if he has attained with

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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The Post is exclusively devoted to literature, and therefore does not discuss political or sectarian questions. It is a common ground, where all can meet in harmony, without regard to their views upon the political or sectarian questions of the day.

TERMS.

Our terms are the same as those of that well-known magazine, *The Lady's Friend*—in order that the dues may be made up of the paper and magazine, jointly when so desired—and are as follows:

One copy (with the large Premium Engraving) \$2.00
One copy of *The Post* and *The Lady's Friend*, and one engraving, 4.00

CLUBS.

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EVERLASTING FLOWERS.

I send thee but a simple gift,
A little bunch of dry, crisp flowers,
Still rainbow-colored, though 'tis long
Since sunshines fed them, or the showers.

Mere phantoms of those thoughts of love
Whose living seeds thou didst sow;
God's hand in pity sent them forth,
If Talmud legends are not true.

Dear, promise me that, when I'm dead,
You'll press with thy cold hand
The same bright everlasting flowers;
I'll bear them through the Silent Land.

I shall not need remembrances.

Other, my now; but still I'll keep
These always with me through the gloom,
Sad shadow of Death's long, long sleep.

Dark water, in your blackest gulf—
Dark valley, in thy ghastliest clef,
I'll guard these flowers, the types of love,
Though nothing but these flowers he left.

Come flame and torture for my sins,
Or Mercy ope the golden portal,
Still, still I'll grasp those changeless flowers,
To prove my boundless love immortal.

A woman living in the lower part of Boston, named Mayer, who from the treatment of her husband had become disgusted with life, attempted the other day to make way with herself in the following unique manner: She took a six pounder cannon ball, which her husband had brought from Vickesburg as a relic, and which had been lying on the mantelpiece for years, and having rather an indistinct conception of the terrible effects of the terrible projectile and the manner of using it, at length hit upon an idea. She went to a grocery store and purchased fifty cents' worth of powder, returned home, and procuring a breakfast plate, she placed it on the floor. She then poured the powder on the plate, and put the cannon ball on top of the powder. Having thus got her artillery into position and everything in readiness, she then sat down over the loaded plate, and with a burning taper fired the powder. The effects of the explosion may be imagined. The exploding powder burned and blackened the woman's lower extremities, while the ball, which she vainly expected would end her miseries, never moved from its position.

THE BALLAD OF MADGE,
The Circus Queen.

I sat with the crowd, and the music clashed
And clattered a merry tune;
Outside were the bright and glorious stars,
And the slumberous heart of June;
And the dreams of the roses were rudely stirred
With the drum and the loud bassoon.

I remember the hoop with their myriad lights,
And the smell of the saudine ring;
The painted clown with his horse, loud voice,
As he warily tried to sing
A halley gay of the "good old times"
When we lived under the king."

Bear with me a little, friend. Ah well!
I'm an old man now and gray,
And I pray that God in His infinite love,
Will call me to rest some day;
And put the cares of my lonely life
From my worn heart quite away.

You marvel I sought out such riotous mirth?
But listen a little, my friend,
I hope that to you the pitiful God
Will never such bitterness send,
As drove me there in my sorrowful search,
That I pray'd each day might end.

The roll of the drum and the cymbal's crash
Were still for a moment's space,
And a woman came to the noisy ring
And joined in the headlong race.
And in that crowd I only saw
That woman's smiling face.

Erectly poised on the flying steed,
In her shining robes of gold,
Kissing her hand to the shouting throng
With a grace I had praised of old;
And the face of the "Queen of the Ring" I knew,
Smiling yet overbold.

Was that the maiden I clasped and kissed,
The nestling I held so dear?
The lights were dim to my straining eyes,
And my heart was still with fear,
As she rode with her bold, bad grace—a thing
At which all men might flier.

There were youth and bloom in the crowded tent,
Bosoms and brows of snow,
And tender eyes, where the low replies
Of love would fit and flow,
But none so fair as the rider there
Had been in the long ago.

For once as pure as a sinless babe,
As bright as the golden day,
I took my heart from its hiding place
At her delicate feet to lay.
True heart! true heart! but she broke it,
Friend, The night she fled away.

I went to the East, I went to the West,
I sought her by far and near,
By the mountains and out by the sea,
But never a word could hear,
Till there in the midst of the idle crowd
I saw her, my dove, my dear.

Better by far that the turf had grown
On her breast in the churchyard gray,
Where the robins sing, and the rushes lean
And the daisies come in May,
Than to find her here, with her sin in view
Of her desperate heart always.

The years went back with a sudden bound
To the sweet days we had known,
I never thought of the ruin wrought,
But I called in a loving tone,
"O, Madge, my darling, the past is past,
Come back to your rest, mine own."

She never slackened her headlong speed,
But she heard th' impaledon call,
And her eyes met mine. God pity me;
A cry & a headlong fall,
And Madge lay dead at that ghastly ring,
And that was the end of all.

THE WARNING.

A week or two before my story opens, a proposal had been made, and had been accepted. It had been made by the eldest son of "The Queen" of the country, to the daughter of a neighboring queen equally entitled to pre-eminence, had it not been for the fact that the family of the latter had scarcely been settled in that part for as many years as the former had centuries. In worldly wealth they were about equal; both of unblemished reputation in all the virtues excepting in loudness, magnificence, and county authorities. They lived sufficiently far apart to be very good friends, and as their policies were alike, even a recent collision had not provoked hostility. Both families were thoroughly well brought up, and the younger members were very popular both with each other, and the rest of their acquaintance. It will seem strange, therefore, that though no objection was openly made, yet, evidently, the union between the two families was not regarded with entire satisfaction by the parents of the young man. Their congratulations were not as cordial as George Forbes expected. There was a shrinking from the subject in the family circle, and though their formal consent was given, and the young lady had been received and welcomed, almost warily, by them, as the bride of their eldest son, there was still an indescribable something in their manner, which gave him a decided impression that his engagement was not to them that source of infinite pleasure which it certain was to him. In vain he appealed to his mother, and equally in vain to his father; neither would give him any direct answer on the point which lay nearest his heart. They both distinctly said that they had nothing to say against the marriage—noting to say against the lady, her family, or her fortune—noting whatever; and certainly they on no account wished the marriage to be stopped, or even put off; though for a moment Mrs. Forbes did hesitate at the last suggestion, but the next instant she again repeated her assurance that she by no means wished even for delay. George was fain to content himself with this assurance, and rode off to pay his devotions to his lady love, as was his wont; generally arriving at Hawley Court before luncheon, and remaining till late in the afternoon, or, if business detained him in the morning, he not infrequently went there for dinner, and, to avoid the late ride home, the father of his intended bride would sometimes press him to stay the night. Generally it seemed to be preferred, though, that George's visit should be a daily one, and that he

should return to Forbeston, his home, to sleep. After he had started on this particular afternoon, Mr. and Mrs. Forbes continued their stroll round the garden, for it was in the early spring, and the weather being mild and delicious, the garden often took the place of a business room when any family consultation was to be held. It may be that their conversation will shadow out the cause of the coolness which had agitated the mind of their son.

"I cannot get rid of that impression," said Mrs. Forbes to her husband; "it haunts me, and the weather being mild and delicious, the garden often took the place of a business room when any family consultation was to be held. It may be that their conversation will shadow out the cause of the coolness which had agitated the mind of their son.

"It certainly is curious," was his answer; "but it has just the same effect on me, and I cannot shake it off, either. But I am sure we must not let prejudice us. Everything we have heard of the family is strongly in their favor; everything we know of them we like, and the girl herself is, to my thinking, unexceptionable."

"She is a charming, amiable creature," said Mrs. Forbes; "and I am sure that if any one had asked me ten days ago whom I should like George to marry in all the country round, I should certainly have chosen Miss Baillie. And yet, now, I do not know what to think—I cannot tell me."

"Nothing, nothing," said he, impatiently, gazing abstractedly at the fire, with the recollection of the warning wave of the arms still before his mind.

"Why will you wear that gray dress?" he said presently, turning sharply round to her; "I cannot bear it."

"Oh! George," she said, in a gently reproachful tone, "and it was only yesterday you were saying how pretty you thought it! But I will put on another to-morrow, now that you say you don't like this. But you are very changeable, I do think," she added, as she put up her hand on his shoulder.

"Don't, don't," he said, as he shuddered, and drew back instinctively; then, reflecting him self, and how extraordinary his behaviour must appear to her, he added, as if in explanation:

"A twit—a sort of sprain—nothing, really. I was very ungracious, dear Mary."

"I hope it is not bad; I had no idea you had hurt yourself, George," her whole expression turned to one of the tenderest concern.

"It's really nothing," he said, ashamed of his paltry excuse; "it will be quite well to morrow."

"Ah! that to-morrow, to-morrow, that they were always harping upon! He made an effort to forget the vision, and be the same to her that he was always; and by degrees his earnest devoted affection for her, his pleasure in her society, and the power of her soft winning beauty, asserted their usual supremacy over his mind, and the hour that was their own before dinner sped away all too quickly, and they were as thoroughly happy and wrapped up in each other as any two hearts could be. Dinner came, and a cheerful, pleasant evening of conversation and music; and though the unexplained mystery floated sometimes mistily across his mind, he would not let it dwell there, but banished it with success, till, at the moment of parting, a light observation of Mary's recalled it.

"Good-bye! George! Come again to-morrow—but do not flatter yourself that I am always looking out for you on the terrace."

"And, my dear Mr. Forbes," said his future mother-in-law, as they shook hands, "I had nearly forgotten to tell you that my eldest son has just returned to England, and will, I hope, be here in time for the wedding; I shall be very glad for him to make your acquaintance."

Mrs. Baillie spoke these words with some hesitation, and a close observer might have observed that the color left her daughter's cheek, and a look of alarm took the place of the smile with which she had last spoken to her lover. George did not notice it, however, eagerly replying to Mr. Baillie, and saying what pleasure it would give him to make the acquaintance of Mary's eldest brother, which he had so little hoped to be able to do at present, not having even heard of his departure from India.

He went; and Mary threw herself back into a chair, the tears trickling through the fingers with which she covered her face.

"Oh, mamma, mamma! why will you not tell him all? Let me tell him; I must, before the day. It is deceiving him, it really is; and I am sure he would not care. It would make no difference."

"You must listen to reason, my dear child," was her mother's cold answer; "it would be extremely imprudent to make this unnecessary fuss about your brother, more especially as it is quite unnecessary now. There is no use at all in awakening unpleasant suggestions with an old story; and I do hope, Mary, you are not going to be so foolish as to make your acquaintance about nothing."

"I can't bear deceiving him like this; I cannot bear it," she added, passionately.

"You had better compose yourself now, at any rate, and go to bed, and to sleep; and I hope you will be more rational to-morrow," said her mother. And so they parted.

As George stepped through the hall on his way out, his eye fell for a moment on the figure of a person not familiar to him; apparently a servant out of livery, for he was carrying a tray in his hand; but supposed she must have gone out of sight into the garden, though how he could not conceive, as there was a broad open terrace to traverse before you could reach the shade of the shrubs from the half door; and he had not seen her cross it; but, then, it was certainly getting dark. This passed through his mind as he rode into the stable-yard, where he was accustomed to arrive at all hours, and was everywhere welcome. So not a moment was lost there; but hastening, by a small side door, to the front of the house, he again saw the same gray figure standing where it stood before. Much surprised that she did not come towards him, he called out, "Hello, Mary! Is seems you are not anxious to see me to-night." No answer.

Almost involuntarily, he stopped, standing within about fifteen yards from her, and said, very seriously, "Mary, come and meet me, or I shall think you are sorry to see me." No answer; but the figure partly turned, and with a despairing gesture of its arms, motioned him wildly away, and, as before, disappeared entirely! This time he was certain she had not crossed the terrace, and darted forward, expecting to find her under the shade of the wall. No sign of her! He looked round bewildered, and then ran quickly into the house, and into the drawing room, saying, as he opened the door,

"Where is Mary? why is she out so late?"

"Mary is not out, and she is here!" was answered by her own well-known voice.

"How can you have come in, then, in such a moment?"

"My dear George," she said, "I came in an hour ago. What do you mean?"

"Nonsense," he said; "I saw you just now on the terrace, as I came to the door, and you must have come in just before me."

"Your imagination must have pictured me there, then, George," she said; "for I assure you that for the last hour I have been sitting here expecting you. And even if it had not been so late, I should not have gone out to meet you, for you told me yourself that it was

very uncertain at what time you would be able to come to-day."

George did not answer for a minute or two, but stood gazing at the fire; presently he said, thinking Mary would be surprised at his proclivity—

"Where are your sisters, then? It must have been one of them."

"Now, dear George, do believe that you saw nothing; for my sisters went away this morning, only to visit my aunt, as I told you yesterday, only this romantic vision of her had made you forget everything. I am sure, George," she continued, looking anxiously at him, "you have something on your mind that troubles you. What is it? do tell me."

"Nothing, nothing," said he, impatiently, gazing abstractedly at the fire, with the recollection of the warning wave of the arms still before his mind.

"Why will you wear that gray dress

September 14, 1867.]

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

5.

SHE LOVED THEE BEST OF ALL.

Sweet voices into music broke
Among the proud and high,
For every tone a welcome spoke,
When thou wert drawing nigh;
And smiles like mirrored sunbeams shone,
Through parlor and through hall,
On every lip save hers alone,
She loved thee best of all!

Her homage was a silence sweet,
Where thought held pure control:
Affection in itself complete,
As e'er drew soul to soul.
Love hath no language that can reach
The power it holds in thrall;
The heart gave token more than speech,
She loved thee best of all!

Yet, with no hope thy life to bless,
Or waken Love's refrain,
Her heart, that ached with tenderness,
Grew mate with its sweet pain;
If glance with glance responsive met,
Like sunbeams in the fall,
Her lids drooped low, and yet—and yet,
She loved thee best of all!

God smooths the path thy feet shall tread,
God fill thy heart with song,
Thy life with love, when she is dead,
Those ones beloved long;
Yet should some tone at eventide
Her memory recall,
Say only,—"It is well she died
Who loved me best of all."

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

BY MISS THACKERAY,
AUTHOR OF "THE VILLAGE ON THE CLIFF."

I.
Fair times, gifts, music, and dances are said to be over; or, as it has been said, they come to us so disguised and made familiar by habit that they do not seem to us strange. H. and I, on either side of the hearth, these long past winter evenings could sit without fear of fiery dwarfs skipping out of the ashes, of black padings coming down the chimney to molest us. The clock ticked, the window-pane rattled. It was only the wind. The hearth-brush remained motionless on its hook. Fussy, dozing on the hearth, with her claws quietly opening to the warmth of the blaze, purr'd on and never once started us out of our usual placidity by addressing us in human tones. The children sleeping peacefully upstairs were not suddenly whisked away and changelings deposited in their crabs. If H. or I opened our mouths pearls and diamonds did not drop out of them; but neither did frogs and tadpoles fall from between our lips. The looking-glass, tranquilly reflecting the comfortable little sitting-room, and the stiff ends of H.'s cap-rubbons spared us visions of wreathing clouds parting to reveal distant scenes of horror and treachery. Poor H! I am not sure but that she would have gladly looked in a mirror in which she could have sometimes seen the images of those she loved; but our chimney-glass, with its gilt moulding and bright polished surface, reflects only such homely scenes as two old women at work by the fire, some little Indian children at play upon the rug, the door opening and Susan bringing in the tea-things. As for wishing-clothes and little boiling pots, and such like, we have discovered that instead of rubbing lamps, or spreading magic tablecloths upon the floor, we have but to ring an invisible bell (which is even less trouble), and a smiling genius in a white cap and apron brings in anything we happen to fancy. When the clock strikes twelve, H. puts up her work and lights her candle; she has not yet been transformed into a beautiful princess all twinkling with jewels, neither does a scullion ever stand before me in rags; she does not murmur fare-well forever and melt through the key-hole, but "Good-night," as she closes the door. One night at twelve o'clock, just after she had left me, there was indeed a loud orthodox ring at the bell, which started us both a little. H. came running down again without her cap; Susan appeared in great alarm from the kitchen. "It is the back door bell, ma'am," said the girl, who had been sitting up over her new Sunday gown, but who was too frightened to see who was ringing.

I may as well explain that our little house is in a street, but that our back windows have the advantage of overlooking the grounds of the village belonging to our good neighbor and friend Mr. Griffiths, in Castle Gardens, and that a door opens out of our little back garden into his big one, of which we are allowed to keep the key. This door had been a postern gate once upon a time, for a bit of the old wall of the park is still standing, against which our succeeding bricks have been piled. It was a fortunate chance for us when our old ivy-tree died and we found the quaint little doorway behind it. Old Mr. Griffiths was alive then, and when I told him of my discovery he good-naturedly cleared the way on his side, and so the oak turned once more upon its rusty hinges to let the children pass through, and the nurse-maid, instead of pages and secret emissaries and men-at-arms; and about three times a year young Mr. Griffiths stoops under the arch on his way to call upon us. I say young Mr. Griffiths, but I suppose he is over thirty now, for it is more than ten years since his father died.

When I opened the door, in a burst of wind and wet, I found that it was Guy Griffiths who stood outside bareheaded in the rain, ringing the bell that winter night. "Are you up?" he said. "For heaven's sake come to my mother; she's fainted; her maid is away; the doctor doesn't come. I thought you might know what to do." And then he led the way through the dark garden, hurrying along before me.

Poor lady! when I saw her I knew that it was no fainting-fit, but a paralytic stroke, from which she might perhaps recover in time; I could not tell. For the present there was little to be done.

The maids were young and frightened; poor Guy wanted some word of sympathy and encouragement. So far I was able to be of use. We got her to bed and took off her finery—she had been out at a dinner-party, and had been stricken on her return home—Guy had discovered her speeches in the library. The poor fellow, frightened and overcome, waited about, trying to be of help, but he was so nervous that he trembled over us all, and knocked over the chairs and bottles in his anxiety, and was of worse than no use. His kind old shaggy face looked pale, and his brown eyes ringed with

anxiousness. I was touched by the young fellow's concern, for Mrs. Griffiths had not been a tender mother to him. How she had snapped and laughed at him, and frightened him with her quick, sarcastic tongue and hard, unmotherlike ways! I wondered if she thought of this as she lay there cold, rigid, watching us with glassy, senseless eyes.

The payments and debts and returns of affection are at all times hard to reckon. Some people pay a whole treasury of love in return for a stone; others deal out their affection at interest; others again take everything, to the uttermost farthing, and cast into the ditch and go their way and leave their benefactor penniless and a beggar. Guy himself, hard-headed as he was, and keen over his ledgers in Moorgate street, could not have calculated such sums as these. All that she had had to give, all the best part of her shallow store, poor Julia Griffiths had paid to her husband, who did not love her; to her second son, whose whole life was a sorrow to his parents. When he died she could never forgive poor Guy for living still, for being his father's friend and right hand, and sold success. She had been a real mother to Hugh, who was gone; to Guy, who was alive still and patiently waiting to do her bidding, she had shown herself only a step-dame; and yet I am sure no life-devoted mother could have been more anxiously watched and tended by her son. Perhaps, how shall I say what I mean?—if he had loved her more and been more entirely one with her now, his dismay would have been less, his power greater to bear her pain, to look on at her struggling agony of impotence. Even pain does not come between the love of people who really love.

The doctor came and went, leaving some comfort behind him. Guy sat up all that night burning logs on the fire in the dressing-room, out of the bedroom in which Mrs. Griffiths was lying. Every now and then I went in to him and found him sitting over the hearth shaking his great shaggy head, as he had a way of doing, and biting his fingers, and muttering "Poor soul poor mother!" Sometimes he would come in breaking on tiptoe; but his presence seemed to agitate the poor woman, and I was obliged to motion him back again. Once, when I went in and sat down for a few minutes in an arm-chair beside him, he suddenly began to tell me that there had been trouble between them that morning. "It made it very hard to bear," he said. I asked him what the trouble had been.

"I told her I thought I should like to marry," Guy confessed, with a rueful face.

Even then I could hardly help smiling.

"Selfish beast that I am! I upset her, poor soul! I behaved like a brute."

His distress was so great that it was almost impossible to console him, and it was in vain to assure him that the attack had been produced by physical causes.

"Do you want to marry any one in particular?" I asked, at last, to divert his thoughts, if I could, from the present.

"No," said he; "at least,—of course she is out of the question,—only I thought perhaps some day I should have liked to have a wife and children and a home of my own. Why, the common-house is not so dreary at this place sometimes seems to me."

And then, though it was indeed no time for love-confidence, I could not help asking him who it was that was out of the question.

Guy Griffiths shrugged his great round shoulders impatiently, and gave something between a groan and sigh, and a smile, dark and sulky as he looked at times, a smile brightened up his grim face very pleasantly.

"She doesn't even know my name," he said. "I saw her one night at the play, and then in a lane in the country a little time after. I found out who she was. She's a daughter of old Harry the stockbroker. Belinda, they call her—Miss Belinda. It's rather a silly name, isn't it?" (This, of course, I politely denied) "I'm sure I don't know what there is about her," he went on, in a gentle voice. "All the fellows down there were head over ears in love with her. I asked—in fact I went down to Farnborough in hopes of meeting her again. I never saw such a sweet young creature, never. I never spoke to her in my life."

"But you know her father?" I asked.

"Old Barly? Yes," said Guy. "His wife was my father's cousin, and we are each other's trustees for some money which was divided between me and Mrs. Barly. My parents never kept up with them much, but I was named trustee in my father's place when he died. I didn't like to refuse. I had never seen Belinda up to his room, but who was too frightened to see who was ringing.

I may as well explain that our little house is in a street, but that our back windows have the advantage of overlooking the grounds of the village belonging to our good neighbor and friend Mr. Griffiths, in Castle Gardens, and that a door opens out of our little back garden into his big one, of which we are allowed to keep the key. This door had been a postern gate once upon a time, for a bit of the old wall of the park is still standing, against which our succeeding bricks have been piled. It was a fortunate chance for us when our old ivy-tree died and we found the quaint little doorway behind it. Old Mr. Griffiths was alive then, and when I told him of my discovery he good-naturedly cleared the way on his side, and so the oak turned once more upon its rusty hinges to let the children pass through, and the nurse-maid, instead of pages and secret emissaries and men-at-arms; and about three times a year young Mr. Griffiths stoops under the arch on his way to call upon us. I say young Mr. Griffiths, but I suppose he is over thirty now, for it is more than ten years since his father died.

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and amusements of any sort. After working from morning to night for you all, I am tired, and want a little peace of an evening. I have neither spirits nor—"

"Dear papa," said Belinda, eagerly, "come up into the drawing-room and sit in the easy-chair, and let me play you sleep."

As she spoke, Belinda emitted a delightful laugh, sweet, tender smile, like sunshine falling on a fair landscape. No wonder the little stockbroker was fond of his youngest daughter. Frances was pouting. Anna frowned slightly as she locked up the wine and turned over in her mind whether she might not write to the Odgens and ask them to let Frances join the party. As for Belinda, playing Mozart to her father in the drawing-room upstairs, she was struck by the worn and harassed look in his face as he slept, snoring gently in arcompaniment to her music. It was the last time Belle ever played upon the old piano. Three or four days after, the crash came. The great Tre Rosas Mining Company (Limited) had failed, and the old-established house of Barly & Co. unexpectedly stopped payment.

If poor Mr. Barly had done it on purpose, his ruin could not have been more complete and ingenuous. When his affairs came to be locked into, and his liabilities had been met, it was found that an immense fortune had been mudied away, and that scarcely anything would be left but a small furnished cottage, which had been given for her life to an old aunt just deceased, and which reverted to Fanny, her godchild, and the small sum which still remained in the three per cent, of which creation has been made, and which could not be touched until Belle, the youngest of three daughters, should come of age.

After two or three miserable days of confusion—during which the machine which had been set going with so much trouble still revolved once or twice with the force of its own impetus, the butler answering the bell, the footman bringing up the coals, the cook sending up the dinner as usual—suddenly everything collapsed,

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with a blackened nose and rosy cheek, opened the door of the room presently, and called her father exultingly, "she did not notice, as she ran upstairs before him, how wretched he followed her. A flood of light came from the dreary little room overhead. It had been transformed into a bower of white dimity, bright windows, clean muslin blinds. The faded old carpet was gone, and a clean crimsonish rug had been put down, with a comfortable rug before the fire-place. A nosegay of jessamine stood on the chimney, and at each corner of the four-post bed, the absurd young decorator had stuck a smart bow, made out of some of her own blue ribbons, in place of the tattered plumes and tassels which had wavered there in dust and darkness before. One of the two arm chairs which blocked up the wall of the dining room had been also covered out of some of Belinda's stores, and stood comfortably near the open window. The sun was setting over the great common outside, behind the mid and the distant fringe of elm trees. Martha, standing all illuminated by the sunshine, with her mop in her hand, was gazing from ear to ear, and Belle turned and rushed into her father's arms. But Mr. Barly was quite overcome.

"My child," he said, "why do you trouble yourself so much for me? Your sister has told me all. I don't deserve it. I cannot bear that you should be brought to this. My Belle working and slaving with your own hands through my fault,—through my fault!"

The old man sat down on the side of the bed by which he had been standing, and laid his face in his hands, in a perfect agony of remorse and regret. Belinda was dismayed by the result of her labors. In vain she tried to cheer him and comfort him. The sweater she seemed in his eyes, the more miserable the poor father grew at the condition to which he had brought her.

For many days after he went about in a sort of despair, thinking what he could do to retrieve his ruined fortunes, and if Belinda still rose to times to see his comfort and the better ordering of the confused little household, she took care not to let it be known. Anna came down at nine, Fanny at ten. Anna would then spend several hours regretting her former dignities, reading the newspaper and the fashionable intelligence, while the dismal strains of Fanny's piano (there was a jangling piano in the little drawing-room) strummed across the common. To a stormy spring, with wind flying and dust dashing against the window-pane, and gray clouds swiftly bearing across the wide, open country, had succeeded a warm and brilliant summer, with sunshine flooding and spreading over the country. Anna and Fanny were able to get out a little now, but they were soon tired, and would sit down under a tree and remark to one another how greatly they missed their accustomed drives. Belinda, who had sometimes at first disappeared now and then to cry mysteriously a little bit by herself over her troubles, now discovered, at eighteen, with good health and plenty to do, happiness is possible, even without a caring.

One day Mr. Barly, who still went into the city from habit, came home with some news which had greatly excited him. Wheal Tre Rosas, of which he still held a great many shares, which he had never been able to dispose of, had been giving some signs of life. A fresh call was to be made; some capitalist, with more money than he evidently knew what to do with, had been buying up a great deal of the stock. The works were to be resumed. Mr. Barly had always been satisfied that this concern was a good one. He would give everything he had, he told Anna that evening, to be able to raise enough money now to buy up more of the shares. His fortune was made if he could do so; his children repaid in their proper position, and his name restored. Anna was in a state of greater flutter, if possible, than her father himself. Belle sighed; she could not help feeling doubtful, but she did not like to say much on the subject.

"Papa," said Wheal, "has proved a very treacherous wheel of fortune to us," she hazarded, blushing and bending over her sewing; "we are very, very happy as we are."

"Happy?" said Anna, with a sneer. "I hate Belinda, you are too romantic," said Fanny, with a bitter, while Mr. Barly cried out, in an excited way, "that she should be happier yet, and all her goodness and dutifulness should be rewarded in time." A sort of presentiment of evil came over Belinda, and her eyes filled up with tears; but she steeled them away and said no more.

Unfortunately the only money Mr. Barly could think of to lay his hands upon was that sum in the three per cents. upon which they were now living, and even if he chose he could not touch any of it, until Belinda came of age; unless, indeed, young Mr. Griffiths would give him permission to do so.

"Go to him, papa," cried Anna, enthusiastically. "Go to him; entreat, insist upon it, if necessary."

All that evening Anna and Frances talked over their brilliant prospects.

"I should like to see the Ogdens again," said poor little Fanny.

"Perhaps we shall if we go back to Capulet Square."

"Certainly, certainly," said Anna.

"I have heard that this Mr. Griffiths is a most uncouth and undivilized person to deal with," continued Miss Barly, with her finger on her chin. "Papa, wouldn't it be better for me to go to Mr. Griffiths instead of you?" This, however, Mr. Barly would not consent to.

Anna could hardly contain her vexation and spite when he came back next day dispirited, crestfallen, and utterly wretched and disappointed. Mr. Griffiths would have nothing to say to it.

"What's the good of a trustee?" said he to Mr. Barly, "if he were to let you invest your money in such a speculative chance as that? I ask my advice, and sell out your shares now, if you can, for anything you can get."

"A surly, disagreeable fellow," said poor old Mr. Barly. "I heartily wish he had nothing to do with our affairs."

Fanny fairly stamped with rage. "What insolence, when it is our own! Papa, you have no spirit to allow such interference!"

Mr. Barly looked at her gravely, and said he should not allow it. Anna did not know what he meant.

Belinda was not easy about her father all this time. He came and went in an odd, excited sort of way, stopping short sometimes as he was walking across the room, and standing absorbed in thought. One day he went into the city unexpectedly about the middle of the day, and came back looking quite odd, pale, with curious eyes; something was wrong, she could not tell what. In the meantime Wheal Tre Rosas

seemed, spite of Mr. Griffiths' prophecies, to be steadily rising in the world. More business had been done, the shares were a trifle higher. A meeting of directors was convened, and actually a small dividend was declared at midsummer. It really seemed as if there was some chance after all that Anna should be reinstated in the brouche, in Capulet Square, and her place in society. She and Fanny were half wild with delight. "When we leave"—was the beginning of every sentence they uttered. Fanny wrote the news to her friend Miss Ogden, and under these circumstances, to Fanny's unfeigned delight, Emily Ogden thought herself justified in driving over to the village one fine afternoon and affably partaking of a cracked cupful of fife o'clock tea. It was slightly smoked, and the milk was turned. Belinda had gone out for a walk and was not there to see to it at all; I am afraid she did not quite forgive Emily the part she had played, and could not make up her mind to meet her.

One morning Anna was much excited by the arrival of a letter directed to Mr. Barly in great round handwriting, and with a huge seal, all over bears and griffins. Her father was forever expecting news of his beloved Tre Rosas, and he broke the seal with some curiosity. But this was only an invitation to dine and sleep at Castle Gardens from Mr. Griffiths, who said he had an offer to make to Mr. Barly, and concluded by saying that he hoped Mr. Barly forgave him for the ingratiating part he had been obliged to play the other day, and that, in like circumstances, he would do the same for him.

"I shan't go," said Mr. Barly, a little doggedly, putting the letter down.

"Now, papa! Why, you may be able to talk him over if you give him quietly to yourself! Certainly you must go, papa," said Anna. "I'm sure he means to relent. How nice!" said Fanny. Even Belinda thought it was a pity he should not accept the invitation, and Mr. Barly gave way as usual. He asked them if they had any commands for him in town.

"Oh, thank you, papa," said Frances. "If you are going shopping, I wish you would bring me back a blue sash, and a white grenade, and a pink sun-pot, and a—"

"My dear Fanny, that will be quite sufficient for the short time you remain here," interrupted Anna, who went on to give her father several commissions of her own,—some writing paper stamped with Barly Lodge and their crest in one corner; a jacket with buttons for the knife-boy they had lately engaged upon the strength of their coming good fortune; a new umbrella, house-agent's list of mansions in the neighborhood of Capulet Square, the *Journal des Mœurs*, and the *New Court Guide*. "Let me see, there was something else," said Anna.

"Bells," said Mr. Barly, "how comes it you ask for nothing? What can I bring you, my child?"

Bells looked up with one of her bright, melancholy smiles, and replied, "If you should see any roses, papa, I think I should like a bunch of roses. We have none in the garden."

"Roses!" cried Fanny, laughing. "I didn't know you cared for anything but what was used, Belle."

"I quite expected you would ask for a sash-pan, or a mustard pot," said Anna, with a sneer.

Bells sighed again, and then the three went and stood at the garden gate to see their father off. It made a pretty little group for the green on the common to contemplate,—the two young sisters at the wicket, the elder under the shade of the veranda, Belle upright, smiling, waving her slim hand; she was above the middle height, had fair hair and dark eyebrows and gray eyes, over which she had a peculiar way of blinking her smooth white eyelids;—and all about, the birds, the soft winds, the great green common with its gorgeous tufts of blossom blooming against the low bank of clouds in the horizon. Close at hand a white pony was friskily cropping the grass, and two little village children were standing outside the railings, gazing up open-mouthed at the pretty ladies who lived at the cottage.

IV.

The clouds which had been gathering all the afternoon broke shortly before Mr. Barly reached his entertainer's house. He had tried to get there through Kensington Gardens, but could not make out the way, and went wandering round and round in some perplexity under the great trees with their croaking branches. The storm did not last long, and the clouds dispersed at sunset. When Mr. Barly rang at the gate of the villa in Castle Gardens at last that evening he was weary, wet through, and far less triumphant than he had been when he left home in the morning. The butler who let him in gave the butler who had been carrying to the footmen and showed him the way upstairs immediately, to the comfortable room which had been made ready for him. upholsterers had done the work on the whole better than Belle with all her loving labor. The chairs were there, their pink covers horse-hair cushions. The wax lights were burning although it was broad daylight. Mr. Barly went to the bay window. The garden outside was a sight to see: smooth lawns, arches, roses in profusion and abundance, hanging and climbing and clustering everywhere, a distant gleam of a fountain of a golden sky, a chirruping and rustling in the bushes and trellises after the storm. The sun which was lighting up the fern on the rain-splashed common was twinkling through the rose petals here, bringing out odors and aromas and whiffs of delicious scent. Mr. Barly thought of Belle, and how he should like to see her flitting about in the garden and picking roses to her heart's content. As he stood there he thought too with a pang of his wife whom he had lost, and sighed in a sort of despair at the trouble which had fallen upon him of late. What would he not give to undo the work of the last few months, he thought—not, of the last few days? He had come once to this very home with his wife in their early days of marriage. He remembered it now, although he had not thought of it before.

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had been raised up over her head, looking like Bell-like, yet unlike. Why it should have been so, at the thought of his wife among the flowers, I cannot tell; but as he remembered her he began to think of what he had done—when he was there in the house of the man he had defrauded—he began to ask himself how could he face him? how could he sit down beside him at table, and break his bread? The poor old fellow fell back with a groan in one of the comfortable arm-chairs. Should he confess? Oh, no—no, that would be the most terrible thing that happened to him. My Belle, my poor Belle—my poor girls!"

What he had done is simply told. When Guy Griffiths refused to let Mr. Barly lay hands on any of the money which he had in trust for his daughters, the foolish and angry old man had sold out a portion of the sum belonging to Mr. Griffiths which still remained in his own name. It had not seemed like dishonesty at the time, but now he would have gladly—oh, how gladly!—awakened to find it all a dream. He dressed mechanically, turning over every possible chance in his own mind. Let Wheal Tre Rosas go on and prosper, and no one should be the wiser. He went down into the library again, where he was the full glare of the morning sun, which was pouring through the unblinded window. His poor old scatty head was bent, and his hair stood on end in the sunshine.

His eyes avoiding the glare, went vacantly travelling along the scroll-work on the fender, and so to the coal-settle and to the skirting on the wall, and back again. Dishonored—yes,

Hankrupt—yes. Thirteen years had brought him to this—to shame, to trouble. It was a hard world for unlucky people; but Mr. Barly was too much broken, too weary and indifferent, to feel very bitterly even against the world. Meanwhile, Guy was going on with his reflections, and like those amongst us who are still young and strong, he put more life and energy into his condemnation and judgment of actions done, than the unlucky perpetrators had given to the very deeds themselves. Some folks do wrong as well as right, with scarcely less half a mind to it.

"How could you do such a thing?" cried the young man, indignantly, beginning to rush up and down the room in his hasty, clumsy way, knocking against tables and chairs as he went along. "How could you do it?" he repeated. "I learned it yesterday, by chance. What can I say to you that your own conscience should not have told you already? How could you do it?"

Guy had reached the great end window, and stamped with vexation and a mixture of anger and sorrow. For all his fierceness and gruffness, he was sorry for the poor old man, whose fate he held in his hand. There was the garden outside, and its treasure and glory of roses; there was the rose, lying on the ground, that old Barly had taken. It was lying broken and shinny upon the gravel—one rose out of the hundred that were bursting, and blooming, and fainting, and falling on their spreading stems. It was like the wrong old Barly had done his kinsman—one little wrong Guy thought, one little handful out of all his abundance. He looked back, and by chance caught sight of their two figures reflected in the glass at the other end of the room—his own image, the strong, round-faced, broad-shouldered young man, with gleaming white teeth, and black, bristling hair; the feeble and uncertain culprit, with his broken, wandering looks, waiting his sentence. It was not Guy who delivered it. It came—no very terrible one after all—prompted by some unaccountable secret voice and impulse. Have we not all of us sometimes suddenly felt ashamed in our lives in the face of misfortune and sorrow? Are we Piaroises, standing in the market place, with our phantasies displayed to the world? We ask ourselves, in dismay, does this man go home justified rather than we? Guy was not the less worthy of his Belinda, poor fellow, because a thought of her crossed his mind, and because he blushed up, and a gentle look came into his eyes, and a shame into his heart—a shame of his profligacy and high honor. When had he been tempted? What was it but a chance that he had been born what he was? And yet old Barly, in all his trouble, had a treasure in his possession for which Guy felt he would give all his good fortune and good repute, his roses—red, white, and golden—his best heart's devotion, which he secretly felt to be worth all the rest. Now was the time, the young man thought, to make that proposition which he had in his mind.

"Look here," said Guy, hanging his great shaggy head, and speaking quickly and thickly, as if he was the culprit instead of the accuser. "You imply it was for your daughter's sake that you cheated me. I cannot consent to act as you would have me do, and take your daughter's place to pay myself back. But if one of them—Miss Belinda, since she likes roses—chooses to come here and work the debt off, she can do so. My mother is in bad health, and wants a companion; she will engage her at—let me see—a hundred guineas a year, and in this way, by degrees, the debt will be cleared off."

"In twenty years?" said Mr. Barly, bewildered, relieved, astonished.

"Yes, in twenty years," said Guy, as if that was the most natural thing in the world. "Go home and consult her, and come back and give me the answer."

And as he spoke, the butler came in to say that the banquet was at the door.

Poor old Barly bent his worn "meek head and went out. He was shaken and utterly puzzled. If Guy had told him to climb up the chimney he would have obeyed. He could only do as he was bid. As it was, he clambered with difficulty into the hansom, told the man to go to the station for Dumbleton, and he was driving off gladsomely when some one called after the cab. The old man peered out anxiously. Had Griffiths changed his mind? Was his heart hardened like Pharaoh's at the eleventh hour?

It was certainly Guy who came hastily after the cab, looking more awkward and sulky than ever. "Hoy! Stop! You have forgotten the roses for your daughter," said he, thrusting in a great bunch of sweet foam and freshness. As the cab drove along, people passing by looked up and envied the man who was carrying such loveliness through the black and dreary London streets. Could they have seen the face looking out behind the roses they might have erased to save.

Belinda was on the watch for her father at the garden gate, and exclaimed with delight, as she saw him toiling up the hill from the station with his huge bunch of flowers. She came running to meet him with fluttering skirts and outstretched hands, and sweet smiles gladdening her face. "Oh, papa, how lovely! Have you had a pleasant time?" Her father hardly responded.

"Take the roses, Belle," he said. "I have paid for them dearly enough." He went into the house wearily, and sat down in the shabby arm-chair. And then he turned and called Belinda to him wistfully and put his trembling arm round about her. Poor old Barly was no mighty Jephthah; but his feeble old head beat with some such pathetic longing and remorse over his Belle as she drew her to him, and told her, in a few simple, broken words, all the story of

what had befallen him in those few hours since he went away. He could not part from her. "I can't, I can't," he said, as the girl put her tender arms round his neck.

Guy came to see me a few days after his interview with old Mr. Barly, and told me that his mother had surprised him by her willing acquiescence in the scheme. I could have explained matters to him a little, but I thought it best to say nothing. Mrs. Griffiths had overheard and understood a word or two of what he had said to me that night, when she was taken ill. Was it some sudden remorse for the past? Was it a new-born mother's tenderness stirring in her cold heart, which made her question and cross-question me the next time that I was alone with her? There had often been a talk of some companion or better sort of attendant. When the news came of poor old Barly's failure, it was Mrs. Griffiths herself who first vaguely alluded again to this scheme.

"I might engage one of those girls—the—Belinda, I think you called her?"

I was touched, and took her cold hand and kissed it.

"I am sure she would be unanimous comfort to you," I said. "You would never regret your kindness."

The sick woman sighed and turned away impatiently, and the result was the invitation to dinner, which turned out so disastrously.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

Truth Stranger than Fiction.

The following story may have been published before, but it must have been a sufficiently long time ago to warrant us in "trotting it out" again:

A Yankee peddler who had stopped in a restaurant to refresh himself one hot day, heard a very sage-looking old gentleman remark, in answer to a friend, who had been relating some marvellous story, said to be true, "Truly truth is stranger than fiction."

Jonathan whereupon stepped up, and slapping the astonished gent on the back, said—

"You're mistaken right there, old boy, it ain't so; and to pritit, I'll bet you the min' jaleps for the crowd that I kin tell one fision that can go a little ahead of any truth as ever you hear tell on."

"Good," said the old gentleman. "I would like to hear any fision that can go ahead of Christopher Columbus."

"Pshaw! Christopher Columbus ain't a sar-kunstane," said Jonathan. "But here goes:

"Once I was standing by a big river, way out in Shabu desert, what was dried up. The sun shone so all-fired hot, that I was obliged to tie my handkerchief over my eyes to keep from bein' blinded; and as I was standing that, I happened to look down the river, and seed a large boat without any bottom come floating up the stream, with a hull lot of fellers in her; one of 'em had no eye, tother no arms—another no legs, and he had no mouth.

"Gosh! I never seed such a sight afore. I was scared like blazes, and just stood and looked at 'em. Presently the chap as had no eye looked down and seed a ten cent piece at the bottom of the river, and the fellers wot had no arms leant over and picked it up, then handed it to the chap wot had no legs; and he jumped out of the boat, waded to shore, went over to the grog shop wot wasn't ther, bought a pint of whiskey, and handed it to the fellers as had no mouth, and he drinked it up; and all the rest of 'em got dead drunk; and the last seed of

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A Venetian Story.

The fiend, Belphegor, wishing to marry, acceded to earth, assumed the shape of a young handsome man, and built himself a fine large house, which was no sooner finished and decently furnished than he introduced himself to the father of a family who had three pretty daughters, and paid court to the eldest. The girl was pleased with the personal appearance of her suitor, the parents were delighted that fortune had provided for her an excellent match, and very speedily the wedding took place. When the bridegroom had conducted his bride home, he presented her with a very tasteful nosegay, led her to all the rooms in the house, and at last showed her a closed door. "The rest of the house," he informed her, "was entirely at her disposal; but she must not open the closed door under the penalty of death."

Every one who knows the story of Blue Beard—that is to say, every one in Great Britain, Ireland, France, the United States of America, and the British colonies—is already perfectly sure that the young wife, however solemnly she promised to obey her husband's mandate, would break the promise at the first convenient opportunity. Belphegor left home—as he said, to hunt—on the following day, and scarcely was he out of sight than the lady opened the door, and discovered, to her horror, a vast fiery gulf, the flames of which singed the nosegay in her bosom. When the husband returned, the condition of the flowers, like the blood on Blue Beard's key, revealed the act of disobedience. His manner, however, was rather contemptuous than wrathful.

"As you are so anxious," he said, "to see what is behind that door, I will gratify your curiosity myself."

Having spoken these words, he led her to the door, opened it, gave her a little push that sent her down into the gulf, re-closed the door, and walked away as if nothing had happened. The parents of the young lady do not seem to have cared much about her, as a few months afterwards he wooed and won the second daughter, whose fate precisely resembled that of the first.

He then wooed the third sister, who was named Margarita, and who, it is scarcely necessary to state, was much sharper than the other two. She thus reasoned with herself on receiving his proposal:

"The fact that this handsome stranger killed both my sisters is certainly not in his favor; but, on the other hand, I may look far before I find a more brilliant match; and, therefore, all things considered, I may as well accept his offer. Besides, I may be more fortunate than my elders."

The third wedding accordingly took place, and was followed, according to rule, by the gift of the nosegay, and the prohibition. The new bride was even more curious than her sisters, but she was more prudent, and therefore she took the precaution to dip the nosegay into water before she opened the forbidden door; thus breaking off all further connexion with the Venetian tale and the story of Blue Beard.

The open door revealed, not only the fiery gulf, but two other sisters in the midst of the flames; and she now guessed what sort of man she had married. Her first act was to extirpate her sisters, and hide them somewhere in the house. Which leads one to conjecture that the gulf was neither so deep nor so hot as it looked.

The freshness of the nosegay, caused by its immersion in the water, convinced Belphegor that his mandate had been obeyed, and he now resolved to live comfortably with his third wife. His affection, however, was not returned, and in a few days the lady requested him to carry three large chests, one after another, home to her parents, without setting any one of them down by the way.

"Mind you, do as I tell you," she said, "for I shall be at the window keeping a sharp eye upon you."

Belphegor promised to obey orders, and on the following morning a chest containing the elder sister was placed on his shoulder. The burden being terribly heavy, he felt much inclined to set it down even before he was out of sight of the house; but his wife cried out:

"Mind what you are about; I'm looking" When he had turned a corner, he thought he had a chance of a little rest, but now the lady in the chest called out:

"No, no, I'm looking at you still." As the voices of the two sisters closely resembled each other, and as Belphegor clearly was not skilled in measuring distances by the ear, he concluded that his wife was still speaking.

"What a wonderful eye my wife must have that she can look around a corner." Such was the sage reflection of Belphegor.

The chest thus arrived safely at the house of the lady's parents; Belphegor being delighted to hand it over to the safe custody of his mother-in-law, and hurry back home, that he might recruit his exhausted strength with a good breakfast.

The second sister was carried home in exactly the same manner as the first; but now that the turn of the third had come, some modification of the plan was necessary. The subtle lady prepared a stuffed figure, which she placed on the balcony as her representative, and then contrived to slip unseen into the third chest, which was placed on Belphegor's back by his servant. As she was not only sharper but stouter than her sisters, the burden carried by the luckless fiend was considerably heavier than on the two previous days; but if he turned his head, there was the awful figure on the balcony, for which the inhabitant of the chest did vocal duty. Margarita, therefore, was conveyed to her parents with all possible speed, and Belphegor hurried back home for his usual remedy, namely, his breakfast, but he found neither that nor his wife ready to receive him. Mad with rage, he rushed about the house shouting for "Margarita," till at last, looking out of a lower window, he perceived the figure on the upper balcony. As his supposed wife made no answer when he roared forth his complaints of hunger, he rushed into the balcony and gave the figure a blow, which was intended for no more than a box on the ear, but which, meeting a fragile object, sent the head through the air, and revealed the implosion. Again did Belphegor rush about the house, but his wife had clearly fled, and as clearly had she taken all her jewels; for the cases in which they had been kept were empty.

Wrung both as a husband and as a fiend of property, his first impulse, on the discovery of his crowning calamity, was to post off to the residence of his father-in-law, that he might wreak his vengeance. No sooner, however, was the house in sight, than his eyes encountered a fearful apparition. On a small balcony over the

door sat all three wives, splitting their sides with laughter.

"There at once!" shrieked the fiend; and without more ado he plunged back into his original home.

THE MARKETS.
FLOUR.—The market has been very dull. About 3000 bushels sold at \$2.75 per superficial bushel, \$2.50 for old stock and fresh ground, \$2.25 for flour, \$2.00 for flour, \$1.75 for choice North-West flour, and \$1.50 for fancy brands according to quality. Rye Flour is selling at \$2.50 per bushel.

GRAIN.—There is very little demand for Wheat. About 25,000 bushels sold at \$2.00 per bushel, \$1.80 for prime, \$1.60 for choice, \$1.40 for old stock and fresh ground, \$1.25 for flour, \$1.00 for choice North-West flour, and \$0.90 for fancy brands according to quality. Rye Flour is selling at \$2.50 per bushel.

WHEAT.—The market has been very dull. The price last week, which comprised the record of the business in the present Annual Report of the Royal Insurance Company, has been marked as the previous year was, by conflagrations in some cases individually large, but still more by fire all but unexampled in numbers both here and abroad.

EXTRACTS FROM THE REPORT FOR THE YEAR 1866.
The Annual Meeting of the Shareholders in this Company was held yesterday at 11 o'clock, at the General Office of the Company, North Broad Street, Liverpool. In the absence, through Parliamentary duties of the Chairman, Mr. Charles Turner, M.P., the chair was taken by Mr. Brackenhurst, the respected Chairman of the Mersey Docks and Harbor Board.

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WIT AND HUMOR.

WHAT SHE SAID.

"O, I recall her tone," said Tom,
"As sweet as any forest bird's;
The thrush she might have learned it from,
And after fashioned it to words."

"How blind man," cried Ned, "you are!
Such charms the coldest heart would won—
Last eve I watched you from afar—
You sought her door—I envied you!"

"Indeed," said Tom, "I fancied not
You watched me step—I was after dark.
But she—O no! we shall not forget.
Her simple and her sole remark!

"What did she say?" cried ardent Ned.
"Ah!" You replied, with twinges of pain,
"Told you and me, she—well, she said,
Thomas, you needn't come again."

A Good Story.

They tell a story of how the Rev. Dr. Bethune—now dead—a wit, a scholar and an eloquent divine—was once put in a queer position by an intimate friend.

The doctor at the time was settled over a congregation in Brooklyn, and was very popular. A Connecticut congregation gave him a call, and "called" a thousand dollars per annum better than the Brooklyn people. But he had formed a strong attachment to his parishioners, and, thinking that his sphere of service could not be changed to advantage, he was not tempted by an increase of salary. He remained, to the great delight of his people.

All of the doctor's parishioners were not saints. There were a few sinners among them, else why preach the gospel? And among the last was a jovial pug holder, fond of fish, and apt at all times to get more than he could conveniently carry. Neither was he particular at what time of the day he got drunk. He suited his inclination and had no method in his cups.

Bilkins—well, that was not his name, but it will do—Bilkins heard of the doctor's refusal, and he was delighted. In the very height of his pleasure he crossed Fulton Ferry carrying about a quart of brandy.

Dr. Bethune crossed in the same boat, carrying an umbrella.

The brandy carrier happened to catch sight of the umbrella carrier, and at once staggered toward him, exclaiming in his loudest tones:

"How do you do, Dr. Bethune? Let me take your—hic—hand, my dear sir r r. I am proud to testify vis à vis my respect for you, sir."

"Speak a little lower, sir, if you please, Mr. Bilkins," murmured Dr. Bethune.

"Yes, sir; you've stood by our pulpit like a man. Those cussed nitroglycerin grinders, ham carver Yankees wanted to take you away from us—offered you a thousand dollars a year more—did they?"

By this time the attention of the crowd was fixed on the couple. Dr. Bethune's face was always bold, but now it was on fire.

His interlocutor continued:

"Our people have got to make up that thousand dollars—got to! If they don't, I'll do it myself. See see if I don't!"

"Hat, my dear sir," remonstrated the doctor, with a smile, "speak a little lower. You are drawing."

"Yes," interrupted the other. "I know what you said. You spurned the offer. You said you wouldn't go—not an inch. You told them, as a good and pious clergyman ought to, that you'd see em d-d first."

Murphy vs. St. Clair.

A certain gentleman of the McLeelan persuasion, who has achieved some little newspaper notoriety in this country, and the initials of whose last name, if put together, would spell Murphy, for some reason or other, and much to the disgust of his brother Irishmen, changed his time honored patrmonymic to "the more fitting" cognomen of St. Clair. Every one knows how it hurts an Irishman's feelings to see a brother Irishman "go back on the cold sod," and you may be sure that he got many a sharp rap over the knuckles, as the saying is, for the change of name.

Some time during the war, our hero was staying at M. House, as was also a dashing young Irish officer of our army. They charred to be seated at table, and Major J., who always goes in for a joke, whether at his own expense or some one else's, thought the opportunity was too good to be lost, so he sings out to the waiter—

"Patrick."

"Pat come to him."

"Bring me a St. Clair," said the major in his master of fact way.

"A which, sir?" says Pat.

"A St. Clair, I said; don't you understand the American dialect?"

Pat, sorely bothered, scratched his head, and replied—

"Shure, Ameriky is a quare country, and I never heard such a thing ased for before, sur, at all."

"Well, Patrick," quoth our joker, with the air of one about to impart useful knowledge, "it's a potato I want; we used to call them 'Murphies' at home, but I believe the polite name for them in this country is St. Clair."

The major hit hard this time, at least, for the owner of the "polite" name left the table, and the unrestrained roar of the company, who understood and fully appreciated the "joke," and I believe that was his last appearance on that stage.

STRANGE, IF TRUE.—A farmer from the west ern part of Pennsylvania tells the following hen story. There may be those who will doubt its accuracy, but we don't, for he is a well known member of the church, and a man of veracity: "I make maple sugar every season, and for that purpose have a small furnace with several kettles. These kettles remain idle and empty during all the year, except the sugar season; and last summer a favorite old hen of ours made her nest in one of them, and furnished us with an egg every day or two. One day when the sugar season first came on, the kettles were full of boiling sugar-water, and the hen came along as usual, and without noticing the fact, flew into the customary kettle and laid a boiled egg."

"Jim, why is it that the musician's strains are always heard so much less distinctly when he plays alone, than when in a band?"

"Why, I don't know that it was so. Suppose it must be because he plays solo."



AT THE MENAGERIE.

FRIENDLY PARTY—"I've often wondered how the Hippopotamus could walk!"

STOUT PARTY—"How those Giraffes can maintain their perpendicular I could never make out!"

CASTLE AND COTTAGE.

There stands a castle by the sea,
With an ancient keep and turrets three,
And in it dwells a lady rare,
Rich and lovely, with golden hair,
By the wild waves plashing wearily.

In it dwells a baron bold,
Gallant and young, with store of gold,
Honor of all that man can crave
To cheer his pathway to the grave,
By the wild waves plashing wearily.

The lady bright is kind and good,
The paragon of womanhood;

And her wedded lord is leal and sure,
Beloved alike of rich and poor,

By the wild waves plashing wearily.

There dwells a fisher on the strand,
In a little cot with a rood of land,
With his bonnie wife, and girls and boys,
That climb to his knee with a pleasant noise,

By the wild waves plashing cheerily.

And the lady of the castle sighs
When she meets the fisherwife's gladdening eyes,

And wishes that Heaven, to bless her life,

Had made her mother as well as wife,

By the wild waves plashing cheerily.

The lord of the castle, riding home
Over the hard sea sand where the breakers foam,

Off sees the fisher, his labor done,

Sits with his wife in the giant of the sun,

By the wild waves plashing cheerily.

ST with his wife, and his boys and girls,
Danding the youngest with golden eye aside,
And turns his envious eye aside,

And well nigh weeps for all his pride,

By the wild waves plashing wearily.

I'll give," quoth he, "my rank and state,

My wealth that poor men call so great,

Could I but have that fisherman's job,

His happy home, and his girls and boys,"

By the wild waves plashing cheerily.

EW A Western paper thus hits off a popular fashion: "The attention of the police should be directed to Pant A. Loon. He's tight on the streets daily—a-wal-tight."

EW He pure, but not stern; have moral excellences, but don't bluster with them.

AGRICULTURAL.

How to Milk Cows.

The first process in the operation of milking, is to make the cow's acquaintance; give her to understand that the milker approaches her with none other than friendly intentions; for if he swears, scolds, or kicks her, she may give the milker the benefit of her heels, which in my opinion he is justly entitled to.

Before commencing to milk the cow, she should be fed, or have some kind of fodder; in the enjoyment of mastication of the same, her attention is withdrawn from the milker's operations, and the milk is not "held up," as the saying is, but is yielded freely.

The milker should not set off at a distance like a coward, but his left arm should come in contact with the leg of the cow, so that she cannot kick. Before commencing to milk, the teats are to be washed with cold water in warm weather, and in warm water in the winter.

The best milker is a merciful man. Theudder and teats are highly organized and very sensitive, and these facts should be taken into consideration, especially when milking a young cow; the teats are sometimes excessively tender, and the hard tagging and squeezing which many poor sensitive creatures have to endure, at the hands of some thoughtless, hard-fisted man, are really distressing to witness.

A better milker than even a merciful man is a woman. The principle part of the milking in private establishments, in foreign countries, is done by women; and in the United States there are thousands of capable women out of employment who might be advantageously employed, in private dairy establishments, as milkmaids.

An indolent person—slav coach—should never be suffered to touch a cow's teat. The process, to say the least of it, is painful; therefore, the best milker is the one who can abstract the milk in the quickest time.

Finally, milk the cow dry. The last of the milk is the most valuable; yet Mr. Hurry-up-can-not find time to attend to this matter, conse-

quently he loses the best of the milk, and actually ruins the cow as a milker.

[The above is from Dr. Dadd, the celebrated Veterinary Surgeon and author.]

Horse-Breaking and Horse-Sense.

A horse's sense is good common sense. Many a man does not know half so much about some things as a horse, and there is a great difference in horses. The horse is not naturally suspicious, but he is timid when young. He learns very soon what his weapons are—teeth and heels—and in what his security lies—flight. His boldness and "the glory of his nostrils" come when he rejoices in his strength. With his age comes the knowledge of his powers, and if he has never been mastered—never made to yield so any will but his own—if he is to be made useful, the struggle must come sooner or later, and man's will or horse's will must triumph. We think it best to begin quite young with colts to control them. We advise to halter a colt while it runs with the mare, and to do it after feeding it with carrots and sugar, until it thinks it will get only carrots from mankind, and has no fear of any man. The colt submits easily, because it is the easiest and pleasantest thing he can do, provided he is not frightened, and would as lief be led as to run loose if the curtailment of his freedom is made up by sweets or carrots.

The sense of smell in horses is very acute, and if they are suspicious of anything they always approach it cautiously and smell of it. They should be indulged in this, and harness, saddle, etc., should all be investigated by the nose as well as by the eye, before a more intimate acquaintance is forced upon the horse. A horse ring of forty to fifty feet diameter is one of the greatest aids a horse trainer can have. In this a horse too restive and spirited to take a lesson may be tired out, so as to be very docile, and a tired horse is much more susceptible to favors and instruction than one full of vim, and fire and play.

Facts in Fruit Culture.

Dr. Trimble, of Newark, New Jersey, who has paid great attention to fruit culture, gives the following as his views—the result of many years experience:

1. That the most successful way to conquer the curculio is to gather the fruit as it falls and feed it to stock, or destroy it, as it is by this fallen fruit that the curculio propagates its species.

2. That the fruit of the apple tree can be protected from the apple tree moth by wrapping around each tree two or three times a rope made of straw. The moths will harbor in this rope and can then be destroyed.

3. That the only way to kill the peach tree borer is to cut him out with a knife, not once only in a season, but to follow him up every two weeks until exterminated. After the first "going over" of an orchard this will be little or no trouble, as each tree can be attended to in two minutes.

Moles.

A municipal council in the state of Zurich took it into its head to be very zealous in talcoid, and impeded to the council the results of many experiments. He carefully examined the stomachs of fifteen moles caught in different localities, and discovered no vestige of roots or plants, but abundant evidence of earth worms. He strewed several moles in a hot bed of earthworms, and a smaller case of grubs and earthworms. In nine days two moles ate 841 white worms, 161 earth-worms, 25 caterpillars, and an entire mouse. He then placed meat cut small with vegetables. The moles ate the former and left the latter; then he gave them vegetables only—in twenty-four hours they were dead of starvation.

Horses—Fast and Farm.

Commenting on the mania for fast horses, the Farmer's Advertiser counsels its farming readers to turn their attention to raising those "that are of some use, large enough and strong enough to do the work of the farm, and fast enough to carry the produce to market or the family to church." This is sensible advice, and seasonable wisdom, since the clearing up of the country has rendered the use of oxen less common and necessary than was formerly the case.

Serviceable horses should be the main consideration with farmers, unless they breed expressly for other than farm purposes. It is not expected that fast horses or fast men will become obsolete very soon, but it should be the aim of the mass of farmers to prevent the strong and useful race of horses from becoming so.

Topping Corn.

While we have no doubt that the corn is injured by this practice, we do not hesitate to recommend it. We lose something in the weight of kernel, but gain in the fodder; and materially in managing the future harvest; it is worth while, perhaps, to go a little more particularly into the matter.

The leaves of plants perform two important functions: evaporation, which principally is effected by the lower surface, and by which the water that has been absorbed by the roots and absorbent vessels is carried off in part, leaving the residue in the form of concentrated juices; and, second, respiration, by which carbonic acid is taken into the circulation of the plant and performs an important part in the conversion of the proper juices, and in preparing and maturing those elements which constitute the nutritive qualities of the fruit. This process must of course cease when the parts which perform the offices are destroyed. It would seem that such must be the effect produced by topping corn; and though the proper process may still go on by means of the few leaves that are left below the topping, yet it will be feeble and partial, the corn will ripen by evaporation merely; or rather, both the evaporation and the respiration will be diminished, to the consequent injury of the grain, which will have less of the nutritious property, and less weight, will be more liable to ferment, and to lose more in weight by the end of winter.

By the process named, the proper secretions of the plant are in ripening rapidly converted into sugar; and so far as the topping checks the respiration, it would also diminish the saccharine quality and render the corn less agreeable to the taste, as well as less nutritious. But after having tried both ways, we incline to the opinion that the loss is less to top it, than to suffer the top to stand, and dry up and realize the inconvenience in harvesting.—*New England Farmer.*

THE MIDDLE.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 4 letters.

My 1, 2, 2, is controlled ecclesiastically.

My 1, 2, 3, is the most extensive, most powerful, most beautiful object on earth.

My 2, 3, 4, is man's duty, whether successful or not.

My 3, 1, 1, represents a praiseworthy, though much abused individual.

My 4, 2, 3, invigorates but does not intoxicate.

My 1, 3, 4, 2, is to get more than sufficient.

My 2, 3, 1, 2, is not to be bought for money.

My 2, 3, 1, 4, contained anciently the treasures of the world.

My 4, 2, 1, 4, generally makes known the truth.

My 1, 4, 3, 2, is the pet of politicians.

My 4, 3, 1, 4, appreciates beauty.

My 4, 2, 3, 1, 2, is calculated to annoy.

My 3, 1, 1, 2, 1, 1, provokes oftentimes national commotions.